ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY

SEPTEMBER 50 cents

BEAUMONT

NEIMAN

PLAYBILL

WE DON'T KNOW whether you're a cover-to-cover PLAYBOY reader or only spend time with the special features that catch your attention each month, but on the chance that you're a part of the second group, we urge you not to skip Charles Beaumont's "Black Country" in this issue. Here is a story about jazz and about the people who play jazz, packed with all the power, emotion, and excitement of the music itself. It has been a long time since any story moved us as much as this one. Beaumont considers it the best story he has ever written and it is certainly one of the finest we've printed to date.

Charles Beaumont has sold to most of the bigger slick magazines, but has built his greatest reputation in the fantasy and science fiction fields and won last year's Jules Verne Award for the best of story of '53.

Naturally a story as special as "Black Country" requires a special kind of illustration, so we commissioned fine artist Leroy Neiman to do the job. Neiman teaches at the Art Institute of Chicago and has won a number of awards for his advertising art and oil painting. Both Beaumont and Neiman will be making regular appearances in future issues of PLAYBOY.

CROSBY

Harry C. Crosby, author of the entertaining sex-and-science-fiction tale, "Roll Out The Rolov," does his creative work on a small farm outside Cayuta, New York. "This is a good spot for a writer," he says in a recent letter, "because there's nothing else to do here but write. For recreation, I used to enjoy chess. But I have met few people in these parts who enjoy the game, so if I play it, I must play my wife. And since I always win, she hates it. She therefore insists that for each game of chess she plays me, I must play her one of Sark, which is a crafty little crossword game I always lose. As a result, I do not spend much time on recreation."

HOPE

Bob Hope and Earl Wilson don't require any introductions. Hope spends some time on golf and baseball in this issue and Wilson contemplates the female navel.

We had lunch with bridge champ Bill Rosen the other afternoon to discuss his article on tournament bridge. He turned out to be a very likeable young law student, who just happens to play bridge better than anyone else in the world. Bill gets $20 a head for a one hour bridge lesson, so we thought you might enjoy a few tips on how the experts play the game for the price of a PLAYBOY issue. Between semesters, Bill has time on his hands, and has been using some of it to play around with the stock market. The week we met him, he'd earned $600 with a $700 investment. If we knew how to do that, we doubt that we'd spend much time playing bridge.

ROSEN

WILSON

Dear Playboy

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE 11 E. SUPERIOR ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

FEATHERED FRIENDS

While bird watching in Colorado last summer, I came across a species of rare bird I believe you left out of the July feature, "Our Feathered Friends." This one is the Ruby Breasted Bed Thrasher—female, nests in double sleeping bags. Keep up your very fine magazine.

John Dean
Glenwood, Iowa

LOGIC

I enjoy PLAYBOY very much. Especially enjoyed the logic problems in the August issue. How about some more of the same soon? Wonder if you know where I can buy or send for a book of similar brain teasers? Would appreciate any information on it.

Keep up the good work with your PLAYBOY. It's so nice to have a man's magazine again.

J. H. Walb
Miami, Florida

JAZZ

Your August issue was tops in all departments, especially the jazz section. Being an avid fan of Armstrong, Ory and Bix, I found Mr. Lavely's "Red Lights and Hot Music" particularly gratifying. Am happy that he pinpointed the origination of the word "jazz" too, as there seems to be a lot of confusion on this. Keep up the excellent work. Your book is the freshest on the newsstands.

Bob Peterson
Wayne, Michigan

"Red Lights and Hot Music" (August) was your best jazz article to date. We have some good Dixieland bands here in St. Louis and I am "sold" on the stuff. I'm not as "solid" on PLAYBOY as my husband is, however. About the only thing I read are your cartoons, jokes and jazz pieces. He reads everything, lingering forever over some of the photos.

Gloria A. Beseda, Traffic Manager
Warner and Todd Advertising
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. When are you going to accept advertising?

This winter.

Just read the new PLAYBOY on the plane down from Memphis and think it your best to date. One thing I'd like to know: Is that New Orleans phone number in James Lavely's story on jazz for real? The whole story was good—really interesting to a jazz fan like me, but that phone number intrigues me.

Dennis LeBlanc
Port Arthur, Texas

Lavely says, "The telephone number isn't something from my imagination. I get to New Orleans fairly frequently and, believe me, the number is 'for real.' They'll send a girl to your hotel room or, if you prefer, pick you up in an auto and take you to the place of business, a classy cathouse in the French Quarter, just off Rampart Street."

THE INDOOR MALE

Your magazine appeared on the newsstands here only a month or so ago, and having seen the June and July issues, I entered through my news dealer a three-year subscription to PLAYBOY. I regard it as an investment in something we have needed for a long time, namely a magazine for men who have no desire to leap from crag to crag, clutching 30-30 in gnarled hand, in pursuit of the abominable snowman or the abominable mountain goat, for men who would think it foolish to crawl fifty miles through the jungle to find a pool of the speckle-spotted trout, for men who do not think it sissy to drive a comfortable car, and for men who do not wear lace and bows on their underwear.

W. G. H.
Durham, N. C.

FEMALE FIGURE TYPES

In your article "One Man's Meat" in the June issue of PLAYBOY you refer to a survey on "Male Preferences for Female Figure Types." Can you tell me the publisher so that I can order a copy for our library of Anthropology? We have various other similar studies.

Frederic H. Douglas, Curator
The Denver Art Museum
Denver, Colorado

MEN'S ATTIRE

I can't agree with R. H. Russell's letter in the August issue. Nobody would want PLAYBOY to turn into a men's wear magazine, but fashion tips belong in a magazine for the man-about-town. The proper playboy is interested in not only women, but food and drink, dress, music, art, literature, and all the other good things of life.

Robert C. Underwood III
New York, New York

We agree, Bob.

STOP THIEF!

Enter my subscription for a year. I bought your June issue at a local newsstand and liked it, but someone stole it from my office before I had a chance to finish it, so please start my subscription with that issue.

C. E. Carmichael
Attorney-at-Law
Sheffield, Alabama

What kind of a legal eagle are you, letting someone swipe a prized possession right out from under your nose? If we get a subscription from the culprit, we'll let you know.

BUMP, GRIND, AND GIMMICK

I enjoyed your burlesque feature, "A Bump, a Grind, and a Gimmick," very much. The "Beauty and the Beast" act reminded me of a similar performance I saw in a night spot in L. A. a few years back. Nothing special about it except the girl later became a movie star. Her name was Yvonne DeCarlo. I've no idea what happened to the gorilla.

Bet you can't dig up a picture of that!

Buster Johnson
San Francisco, Calif.

Bet we can.

(continued on next page.)

BRADBURY

I have been reading PLAYBOY ever since March, and four out of those six issues have been full of Ray Bradbury. One of your readers suggests he is the publisher's brother-in-law. I'm beginning to wonder myself.

Bradbury used to write top notch science fiction but since he has "graduated" to PLAYBOY, *The New Yorker, Esquire*, and the women's magazines, something's seemed to snap in his head. He's become pompous and pretentious. He loads his stories with a lot of half-baked, self-conscious, pseudo-poetic slush that doesn't conceal the shallowness underneath. What's worse, he seems no longer capable of telling a good story. That "Flying Machine" thing in your August issue was a perfect example. Its fussy, prettified style might be okay for *Vogue*, but it certainly doesn't belong in a men's publication.

What say, fellows—can't we PLAYBOY readers get away from Bradbury at least in our favorite magazine?

Arnold Morley
San Francisco, Calif.

FANTASY FAN

The first issue sold me on PLAYBOY, and I haven't missed an issue since. All I can say is—Superior Street is a *perfect* address!

First Collier, then Bradbury, then Hodgson; you're bringing us the great fantasists, it seems. I'm a fantasy fan from way back. So keep it up; I'll be eagerly waiting for more Collier.

I enjoyed Thorne Smith's "The Boss's Breeches" very much. Your cartoon features are great! Let's have more Cobean and Indoor Bird-Watching and, if possible, Charles Addams.

I've heard of Jane, the British cartoon character mentioned by T. B. Holman in your March issue. Let me add my vote for a feature I've long wanted to see.

As to your pictorial features—how do you do it? Your Paris pictures were terrific; how about some from London's Windmill? And maybe of Fortunino Matania's paintings? Also, to my mind the top photographer of the nude is Zoltan Glass. Maybe—?

And those Playmates! *Wow!* (there's a brilliant line! Original too!) I still prefer Miss February, but they're all—uh—where dat ol' Thesaurus?—beautiful, beauteous, handsome; pretty; lovely, graceful, elegant, exquisite, delicate, comely, fair, goodly, bonny, good-looking, well-formed, well-proportioned, shapely, radiant, splendid, resplendent, dazzling, gorgeous, superb, magnificent, artistic, aesthetic, enchanting, attractive and stacked!

By the way, could you latch onto some of the tales from Kummer's *Ladies In Hades?*

And congrats on your art award. I'm just finishing the Famous Artists Course, so I can appreciate the tastes of faculty members Rockwell and Parker who were on the panel of judges.

E. Nelson Bridwell
Oklahoma City, Okla.

FEMALE ADMIRERS

I like your magazine very much and I think it tops all others. I read PLAYBOY cover to cover and the only thing I dislike are some of the "Dear Playboy" letters that keep insisting it's a man's magazine. I, for one, am a young housewife, and I enjoy it as much as any man! I am sure a lot of other women do too!

Alice Soriano
Newark, New Jersey

Since you published my letter in your June issue praising PLAYBOY, I have received numerous telephone calls and communications from people around the country—as far away as Miami, Florida. Some want to borrow my magazines—some to lend me their magazines—and some to say that they agree with my letter one hundred percent. My last call was a week ago at 2:00 A. M., inviting me to a party.

(Miss) Lillian Day
Atlanta, Georgia

Lillian, if you lived here in Chicago, we'd invite you to a party ourselves.

PLAYBOY'S PACE

I think your magazine is the best thing to hit the newsstands in my generation, and if I thought you could keep up the pace, I would order a lifetime subscription.

Lt. A. D. Gordon
USNAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Congratulations on a well prepared and truly entertaining magazine for men. I'm finally convinced that you can continue the pace and live up to the promise of the first issues. Enclosed is a check for extending my original subscription from one to three years.

J. R. Kendrick
Anchorage, Alaska

PLAYBOY ANNUAL

During the past few months some of my friends have been permanently "borrowing" my copies of PLAYBOY. Can't say I blame them, but the trouble is I never get a chance to finish all the very good articles in them. I'm hoping, therefore, that you may have some copies of the last two issues (May and June) still available and I'm enclosing a money order for them.

I find your magazine one of the best I have ever read. That little satire on Mickey Spillane in the February issue ("My Gun Is The Jury") was terrific. You ought to get Julien Dedman to do some more of them.

Peter A. Newins, USN
c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Are back issues 1 through 7 available? I want to have each complete volume cloth bound as library copies. As an artist I realize just what goes into a mag like PLAYBOY. The art, color printing, and copy is tops. Keep it up and I'll be a lifetime playboy right along with you.

Louis Daniel
Fort Worth, Texas

Most of the earliest issues of PLAYBOY *are now out of print. However, the Waldorf Publishing Company is producing a hard-cover* BEST FROM PLAYBOY *in the fall and it will include all the top stories, cartoon, jokes, humor and special features from* PLAYBOY's *first year.*

I was delighted to hear that you have selected the feature on Miss Lace for the hard-cover PLAYBOY annual and look forward to seeing this compilation of the best features from the first year's issues.

I would like to obtain a few copies for my files and will be grateful if you will arrange to send them along with a statement covering costs.

Milton Caniff
New City, New York

PLAYBOY OVERSEAS

Your magazine was great in the states, but here on Guam it will have to take the place of sex. Time will tell.

1st. Lt. William L. Rishel, USAF
c/o Post Master, San Francisco, Calif.

Will you please send me information on how much it would cost to send a year's subscription of PLAYBOY to my son in the armed forces overseas?

Otis Daniels
Paterson, N. J.

Anyone in the armed services overseas can receive PLAYBOY *at our regular rates—one year for $6—two years for $10—three years for $13. And it goes without saying, you'd have to look a long ways to find a gift the average serviceman would appreciate more.*

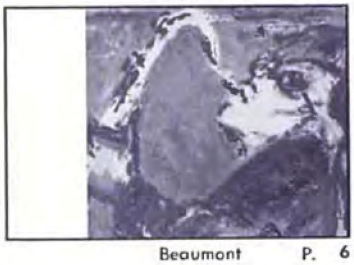
THE CHEERING SECTION

After reading only two issues of PLAYBOY, there's no denying it's a man's magazine to the last detail. You have succeeded in bringing to the weary and distraught male a chance to escape it all, and turn to PLAYBOY for asylum. I find PLAYBOY the perfect way to relax and enjoy a good laugh after a day with this crazy, mixed up human race.

Jack Ryerson
Passaic, New Jersey

Gina P. 37

Steig P. 16



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PLAYBOY

vol. 1, no. 10 — september, 1954

by charles beaumont

black country

fiction

Sonny loved Rose-Ann and Rose-Ann loved Spoof. And Spoof? Why, man, Spoof was in love with a horn!

SPOOF COLLINS blew his brains out, all right — right on out through the top of his head. But I don't mean with a gun. I mean with a horn. Every night: slow and easy, eight to one. And that's how he died. Climbing, with that horn, climbing up high. For what? *"Hey, man, Spoof — listen, you picked the tree, now come on down!"* But he couldn't come down, he didn't know how. He just kept climbing, higher and higher. And then he fell. Or jumped. Anyhow, *that's* the way he died.

The bullet didn't kill anything. I'm talking about the one that tore up the top of his mouth. It didn't kill anything that wasn't dead already. Spoof just put in an extra note, that's all.

We planted him out about four miles from town — home is where you drop: residential district, all wood construction. Rain? You know it. Bible type: sky like a month-old bedsheet, wind like a stepped-on cat, cold and dark, those Forty Days, those Forty Nights! But nice and quiet most of the time. Like Spoof: nice and quiet, with a lot underneath that you didn't like to think about.

We planted him and watched and put what was his down into the ground with him. His horn, battered, dented, nicked — right there in his hands, but not just there; I mean in position, so if he wanted to do some more climbing, all right, he could. And his music. We planted that too, because leaving it out would have been like leaving out Spoof's arms or his heart or his guts.

Lux started things off with a chord from his guitar, no particular notes, only a feeling, a sound. A Spoof Collins kind of sound. Jimmy Fritch picked it up with his stick and they talked awhile — Lux got a real piano out of that git-box. Then when Jimmy stopped talking and stood there, waiting, Sonny Holmes stepped up and wiped his mouth and took the melody on his shiny new trumpet. It wasn't Spoof, but it came close; and it was still *The Jimjam Man,* the way Spoof wrote it back when he used to write things down. Sonny got off with a high-squealing blast, and no eyes came up — we knew, we remembered. The kid always had it collared. He just never talked about it. And listen to him now! He stood there over Spoof's grave, giving it all back to The Ol' Massuh, giving it back right — *"Broom off, white child, you got four sides!" "I want to learn from you, Mr. Collins. I want to play jazz and you can teach me." "I got things to do, I can't waste no time on a half-hipped young'un." "Please, Mr. Collins." "You got to stop that, you got to stop callin' me 'Mr. Collins' hear?" "Yes sir, yes* sir." — He put out real sound, like he didn't remember a thing. Like he wasn't playing for that pile of dark-meat in the ground, not at all; but for the great Spoof Collins, for the man Who Knew and the man Who

ILLUSTRATED BY LEROY NEIMAN

LeRoy Neiman

Did, who gave jazz spats and dressed up the blues, who did things with a trumpet that a trumpet couldn't do, and more; for the man who could blow down the walls or make a chicken cry, without half trying — for the mighty Spoof, who'd once walked in music like a boy in river mud, loving it, breathing it, living it.

Then Sonny quit. He wiped his mouth again and stepped back and Mr. 'T' took it on his trombone while I beat up the tubs.

Pretty soon we had *The Jimjam Man* rocking the way it used to rock. A little slow, maybe: it needed Bud Meunier on bass and a few trips on the piano. But it moved.

We went through *Take It from Me* and *Night in the Blues* and *Big Gig* and *Only Us Chickens* and *Forty G's* — Sonny's insides came out through the horn on that one, I could tell — and *Slice City Stomp* — you remember: sharp and clean, like sliding down a razor — and *What the Cats Dragged In* — the longs, the shorts, all the great Spoof Collins numbers. We wrapped them up and put them down there with him.

Then it got dark.

And it was time for the last one, the greatest one . . . Rose-Ann shivered and cleared her throat; the rest of us looked around, for the first time, at all those rows of split-wood grave markers, shining in the rain, and the trees and the coffin, dark, wet. Out by the fence, a couple of farmers stood watching. Just watching.

One — Rose-Ann opens her coat, puts hands on hips, wets her lips;

Two — Freddie gets the spit out of his stick, rolls his eyes;

Three — Sonny puts the trumpet to his mouth;

Four —

And we played Spoof's song, his last one, the one he wrote a long way ago, before the music dried out his head, before he turned mean and started climbing: *Black Country*. The song that said just a little of what Spoof wanted to say, and couldn't.

You remember. Spider-slow chords crawling down, soft, easy, and then bottom and silence and, suddenly, the cry of the horn, screaming in one note all the hate and sadness and loneliness, all the want and got-to-have; and then the note dying, quick, and Rose-Ann's voice, a whisper, a groan, a sigh . . .

Black Country is somewhere, Lord,
That I don't want to go.
Black Country is somewhere
That I never want to go.
Rain-water drippin'
On the bed and on the floor,
Rain-water drippin'
From the ground and through the door . . .

We all heard the piano, even though it wasn't there. Fingers moving down those minor chords, those black keys, that black country . . .

Well, in that old Black Country
If you ain't feeling' good,
They let you have an overcoat
That's carved right out of wood.
But 'way down there
It gets so dark
You never see a friend —
Black Country may not be the Most,
But, Lord! it's sure the End . . .

Bitter little laughing words, piling up, now mad, now sad; and then, an ugly blast from the horn and Rose-Ann's voice screaming, crying:

I never want to go there, Lord!
I never want to be,
I never want to lay down
In that Black Country! . . .

And quiet, quiet, just the rain, and the wind.

"Let's go, man," Freddie said.

So we turned around and left Spoof there under the ground.

Or, at least, that's what I thought we did.

• • •

Sonny took over without saying a word. He didn't have to: just who was about to fuss? He was white, but he didn't play white, not these days; and he learned the hard way — by unlearning. Now he could play gutbucket and he could play blues, stomp and slide, name it, Sonny could play it. Funny as hell to hear, too, because he looked like everything else but a musician. Short and skinny, glasses, nose like a melted candle, head clean as the one-ball, and white? Next to old Hushup, that cafe sunburn glowed like a flashlight.

"Man, who skinned you?"
"Who dropped you in the flour barrel?"

But he got closer to Spoof than any of the rest of us did. He knew what to do, and why. Just like a school teacher all the time: "That's good, Lux, that's awful good — now let's play some music." "Get off it, C. T. — what's Lenox Avenue doing in the middle of Lexington?" "Come on, boys, hang on to the sound, hang on to it!" Always using words like 'flavor' and 'authentic' and 'blood', peering over those glasses, pounding his feet right through the floor: *STOMP! STOMP!* "That's it, we've got it now — oh, listen! It's true, it's clean!" *STOMP! STOMP!*

Not the easiest to dig him. Nobody broke all the way through.

"How come, boy? What for?"

And every time the same answer: "I want to play jazz."

Like he'd joined the Church and didn't want to argue about it.

Spoof was still Spoof when Sonny started coming around. Not a lot of people with us then, but a few, enough — the longhairs and critics and connoisseurs — and some real ears too — enough to fill a club every night, and who needs more? It was COLLINS AND HIS CREW, tight and neat, never a performance, always a session. Lots of music, lots of fun. And a line-up that some won't forget: Jimmy Fritch on clarinet, Honker Reese on alto-sax, Charles di Lusso on tenor, Spoof on trumpet, Henry Walker on piano, Lux Anderson on banjo and myself — Hushup Paige — on drums. New mown hay, all right, I know — I remember, I've heard the records we cut — but, the Road was there.

Sonny used to hang around the old Continental Club on State Street in Chicago, every night, listening. Eight o'clock roll 'round, and there he'd be — a little different: younger, skinnier — listening hard, over in a corner all to himself, eyes closed like he was asleep. Once in a while he put in a request — *Darktown Strutter's Ball* was one he liked, and some of Jelly Roll's numbers — but mostly he just sat there, taking it all in. For real.

And it kept up like this for two or three weeks, regular as 2/4.

Now Spoof was mean in those days — don't think he wasn't — but not blood-mean. Even so, the white boy in the corner bugged Ol' Massuh after a while and he got to making dirty cracks with his horn: WAAAAA! *Git your ass out of here.* WAAAAA! *You only* think *you're with it!* WAAAAA! *There's a little white child sittin' in a chair there's a little white child losin' all his hair . . .*

It got to the kid, too, every bit of it. And that made Spoof even madder. But what can you do?

Came Honker's trip to Slice City along about then: our sax-man got a neck all full of the sharpest kind of steel. So we were out one horn. And you could tell: we played a little bit too rough, and the head-arrangements Collins and His Crew grew up to, they needed Honker's grease in the worst way. But we'd been together for five years or more, and a new man just didn't play somehow. We were this one solid thing, like a unit, and somebody had cut off a piece of us and we couldn't grow the piece back so we just tried to get along anyway, bleeding every night, bleeding from that wound.

Then one night it bust. We'd gone through some slow walking stuff, some tricky stuff and some loud stuff — still covering up — when this kid, this white boy, got up from his chair and ankled over and tapped Spoof on the shoulder. It was break-time and Spoof was brought down about Honker, about how bad we were sounding, sitting there sweating, those pounds of man, black as coaldust soaked in oil — he was the *blackest* man! — and those eyes, beady white and small as agates.

"Excuse me, Mr. Collins, I wonder if I might have a word with you?"

(*continued on page* 18)

VIRGINITY

article

AN IMPORTANT TREATISE ON A VERY IMPORTANT SUBJECT

BY FRANKENSTEIN SMITH

ALL sophisticated playboys are interested in virginity. We trust that the matter of your own virginity has already been satisfactorily taken care of. You must now face up to the problem of virginity in your female friends and acquaintances.

Most men recognize that virginity is an unpleasant little matter to be disposed of early in life. They appreciate that it's troublesome, a bother, and all things considered, just isn't worth having around. Unfortunately, this important information has been withheld from a large part of our female population.

Some men, shirking their responsibilities, might shrug this off as none of their concern. If you've a social conscience, however, you realize, of course, that it is up to enlightened members of the community to get the facts to the uninformed.

The most pleasant, satisfying, and generally successful method of spreading the good news is through demonstration. You will, of course, meet a certain amount of intellectual resistance from young ladies who have been previously misguided by narrow minded mothers, teachers, maiden aunts, etc. The purpose of this article is to show you how such resistance to learning (a form of social lag) can be most easily overcome.

First of all — what is virginity? Those wise in the ways of women know that it is far more a state of mind than a state of being. Each girl seems to have her own peculiar and rather precise idea of just how far she can go without losing it. And since it is primarily a state of mind, you will most often meet with success by attacking the mind, not the body.

Your attitude is extremely important and will effect your entire approach to the problem. Remember — and this is very important — you are actually doing the girl a *service*. Some may suggest that you are trying to deprive them of something — trying to take from them a cherished possession. This is nonsense. Actually, you are *giving* them a new freedom — a means of enjoying life more fully — a greater appreciation of life and its many pleasures. You must be fully convinced on this point yourself before attempting to convince anyone else. Such a healthy, clean minded, all American attitude on the subject cannot help but favorably impress members of the opposite sex.

Some difficulties have arisen because of the confusion (in female minds) between virginity and purity. The two have nothing to do with one another, and it is important that you point this out at the proper moment. Some of the most impure women we've ever known have been virgins and will doubtless die that way. On the other hand, we regularly share friendly intimacies with one of the sweetest, purest young things in all creation.

Thus armed with our convictions, we are ready to begin. First, of course, we must select a suitable subject and, these days, that can sometimes be more of a problem than you might assume. Often you may find the young lady you have chosen for enlightenment has already been enlightened a few times by others. And while there may be a certain amount of enjoyment involved in this discovery, it robs you of the special pleasure of spreading the good news — and that, after all, is what this article is about.

Once we've found our subject, we are ready for the *approach*. In theory, we suppose, there are as many different approaches as there are women, since each requires a technique slightly different than the next. Indeed, a method that works like a charm on Monday evening may get you a clout in the snout with a different miss on Tuesday. It is obviously impossible to consider all the various possible techniques, but we will spend some time on a few of the more basic ones.

The Physical Approach. Boys are bigger than girls. And some guys figure that's all the advantage they need to make any seduction a success. Trouble is, that ain't seduction. If you're going to play the game according to the rules, you've got to win over the lady's mind first. The muscle method is too often confused with a dirty four letter word spelled r-a-p-e. The girl may not fully understand that you have only her best interests at heart. Such goings on can lead to misunderstandings, strained relationships, and long jail sentences.

The Alcoholic Approach. This isn't

(*continued on page* 40)

SATCHMO BOPS THE BOPPERS!

AS THE NEWEST, most unorthodox brand of jazz, be-bop has been a both precocious and pungnacious baby. With Dizzy Gillespie as their Grand Lama, bopsters have proceeded to produce some mighty strange music. They've also given the language some new, very expressive superlatives ("crazy," cool," "the most," "the greatest," "the end"), given humor a thing called the bop joke, and the world of fashion Dizzy's own beret, goatee and bop glasses.

Bop fans are as extreme as their special language. To them, there is no real music besides be-bop, and other kinds of jazz are as dated and old-hat as the minuet. Anybody who doesn't dig their new sound is, in bopology, a "cube" (a 3-D square), but they've a special name for those who still enjoy dixieland jazz: *Fig.*

Last month at the *Blue Note* in Chicago, Louie "Satchmo" Armstrong, the most fabulous dixieland jazzman of them all, had a few words for bopsters everywhere. And, as might be expected, Satch said it with music. After blowing through a few fine standards like *Muskrat Ramble* and *High Society* with his All Stars, Louie stepped up to the mike and gave out with a special version of "The Whiffenpoof Song" that brought down the house.

This month he's repeating the performance to packed houses at the *Basin Street* in New York and a Decca recording of the tune promises to make it one of the big novelty numbers of the year.

"The Whiffenpoof Song" by M. Minnigerode, G. S. Pomeroy, T. B. Galloway, R. Vallee Copyright, 1936, 1954, Miller Music Corp

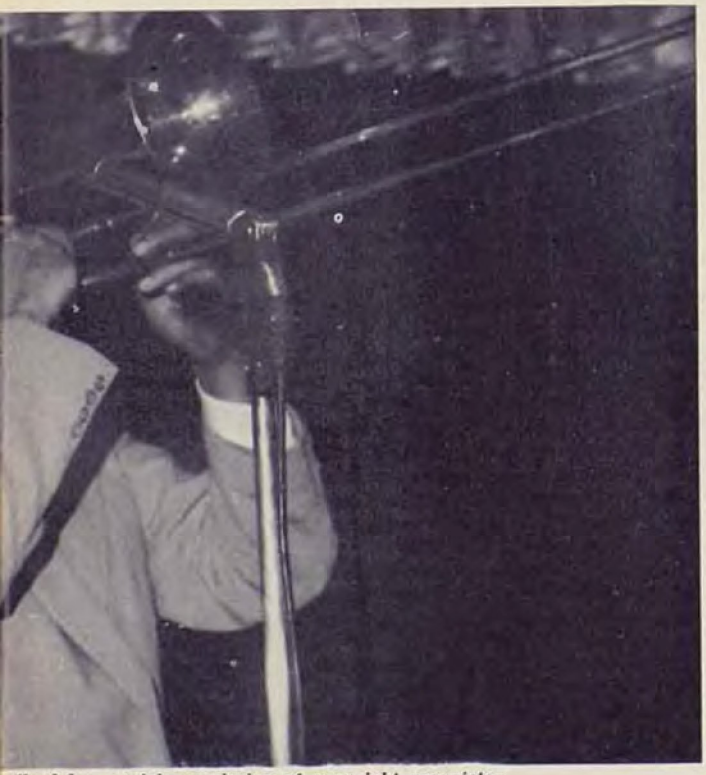
"From the tables up at Birdland,
To the place where Dizzy dwells,
In their beards and the funny
hats they love so well."

"All the boppers are assembled,
And when they're really high,
They constitute a weird
personnel!"

Louie Armstrong gives be-bop a bad time with new lyrics to "The Whiffenpoof Song"

"They are poor little cats
Who have lost their way.
Baaaa, baaaa, baaaa."

"They are little lost sheep,
Who have gone astray.
Baaaa, baaaa, baaaa."



"There's dixieland music they condemn,
But every wrong note they play is
a gem.
So Lord, have mercy on every one
of them.
Baaaaa, baaaaa, baaaaa."

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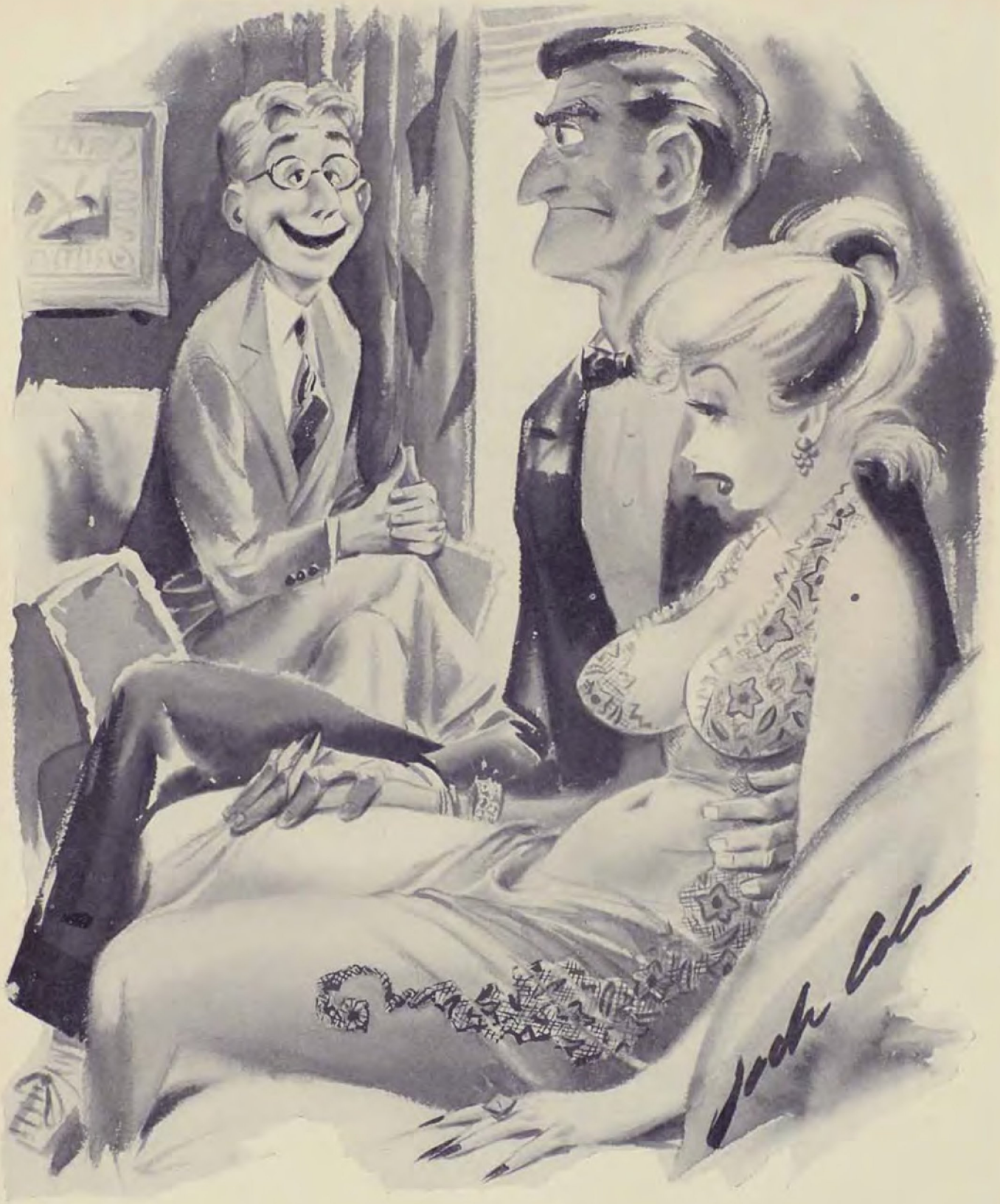
Photographed especially for Playboy by Manuel Cluster



"Now that you've chosen between us, Eileen, do you mind if I watch?"

BUSINESS MEETINGS

THE FARMER spends his time in the fields, the laborer at his machine, and the businessman at meetings.

You may feel at first that the meeting is a waste of time, a useless expenditure of energy, accomplishing little. Nothing could be farther from the truth!

A meeting is a Sounding Board, a Confluence of the Minds, a means of preventing junior executives from hiding their lights under a bushel.

The object of a meeting is not, as the very young believe, to solve the problem at hand, but to impress the people there. And for this purpose, of course, the larger the meeting the better.

If you are new to business, you have small inkling of the happy hours that lie ahead, the little glows of triumph, the camaraderie, and the tingling, heady sensation of hearing your own voice!

But these rich wines are not to be gulped willy-nilly. There are many bitter lessons to learn. Study carefully the following outline of the strategy and tactics of meetings.

1. *Never Be at a Loss for Words.* If you cannot give a ringing, extemporaneous speech—and so few can—it is wise to prepare a series of little talks, complete with gestures and a few jolly anecdotes, that will fit the subject

(*continued on page* 45)

The Filibuster.

The All-Out Attack!

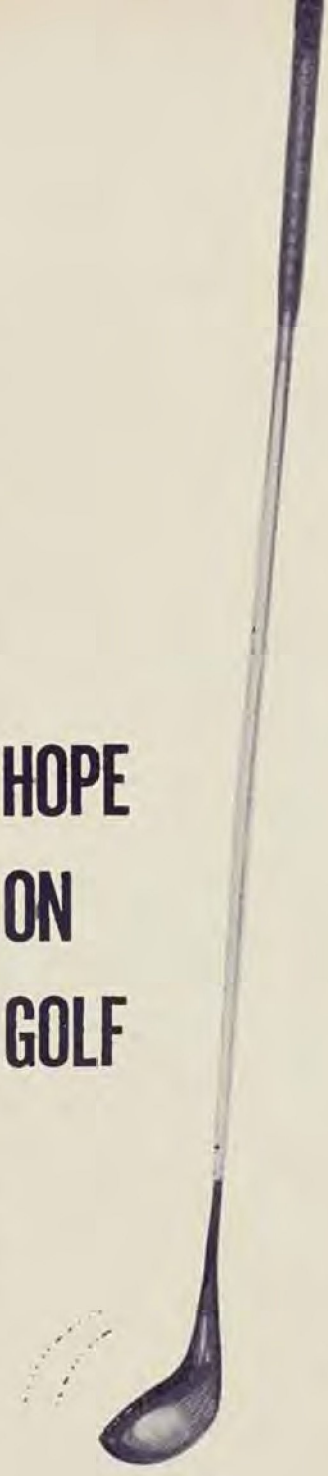
By SHEPHERD MEAD

more tips on succeeding in business without really trying

From "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," copyright, 1952, by Shepherd Mead, published by Simon & Schuster.

"Er—Just how far does this marriage counseling service of yours go, Dr. Beidecker?"

HOPE ON GOLF



by
BOB HOPE

the old master explains how to shoot par in nine innings, or something like that

EARLY one morning last week, I was up at the crack of my back and on the links for a fast eighteen holes. Being a little nearsighted, I lost my caddy, and for over an hour followed a squaw carrying a papoose. That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship with the Cleveland Indians, but it didn't do much for my golf game.

I want you to know I didn't rush into my baseball deal with the Indians impulsively. My, no! I weighed pro and con and finally went pro. I love those Redskins, but who wants to work for peanuts? Especially during these inflationary times. Even Crosby is in the Bucs these days.

Frankly, I didn't know much about baseball until I bought into the Indians. It wasn't until after the contract was signed and they had my money that I found out the team was all men.

Of course, the extra fan mail from Cleveland comes in handy. It costs a little more to get that clause written into the players' contracts, but it was worth it. And Crosby is very careful about his Pittsburgh team. He keeps them next to his money . . . as far down as he can.

No kidding though, am I crazy about baseball! That's why I took up golf. I didn't want to spoil a sport I liked. I could tell you some strange stories about sports. And I know a couple of sports who could tell some strange stories about me. But this article is supposed to be about golf.

Golf can be a lot of fun, depending on your point of view. Point of view. That means when you look at a sand trap from the tee, it looks like a small puddle of sand. When you're in it, it's like Texas taking a deep breath.

Serious consideration should be given to the matter of selecting clubs —both the fifty you play with and the one you join. You can get the playing kind a number of different ways, but if you're a stuffed shirt, I suppose you can pay for them. Next, you purchase a dozen balls — they should get you through the first hole. Next consider your tee: I always take mine with one lump.

The idea of the game is to break par. Par is a set number of strokes per hole which is achieved by either skill or luck, depending on whether you or your opponent achieved it. It's all in the point of view.

Play fair at all times. Never kick a bad lie into the fairway where the game is supposed to be played. Leave it in the rough where you play. A lie, incidentally, is both the position of your ball and also your account of the game.

But don't let it bother you. Keep your head down and your eye on your point of view.

George Von Elm was having himself a time during a Southern California golf tournament, and had just walloped a lovely drive that played him dirty and trickled into a sand trap at the edge of the green. To make the shot even tougher, the ball rolled into a paper bag.

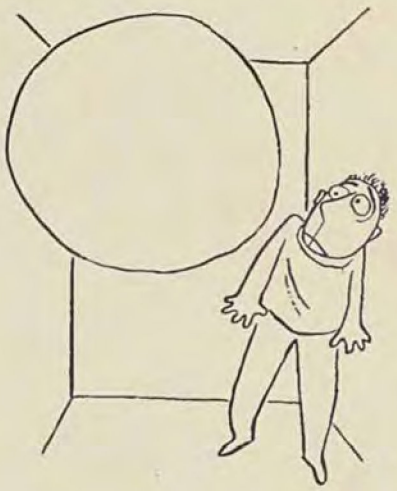
Von Elm registered his indignation in the vilest terms permissible at the moment, but proceeded to ring up a birdie for brain work. Instead of removing the ball and taking a penalty or trying to hit it while it rested in the sack, Von Elm struck a match, set fire to the bag, and then shot the ball clean out of the trap.

I mention this play because it's extremely useful in most games. Take a paper bag along with you the next time you go out for eighteen and see what I mean.

I was supposed to fill this article with lots of worthwhile pointers, but I don't really have any. What say we skip the first eighteen holes this afternoon and get on to the nineteenth? Make mine Scotch on the rocks.

THE CONVERSATION LAGS

PREGNANT WOMAN



Steig's

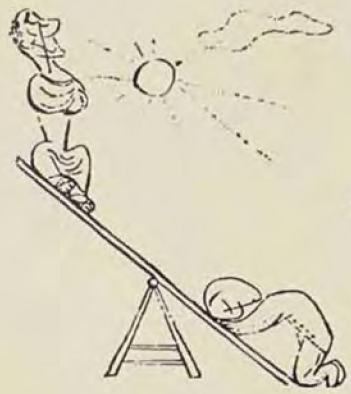
INTRUSION

FAMILY

embarrassed people

ALL OF THESE drawings involve embarrassing situations as viewed by the rather abstract pen of artist William Steig. What you get from each of them will probably be as much dependent on your own experiences as Steig's. For ourselves, we found them mildly amusing the first time around, far more humorous on the second and third looks, and after that they'd become such good friends we were no longer able to judge them.

RATIONALE OF THE VILLIAN



HERO WORSHIP

black country (*continued from page 8*)

He wondered if he might have a word with Mr. Collins!

Spoof swiveled in his chair and clapped a look around the kid. "Hnff?"

"I notice that you don't have a sax man any more."

"You don't mean to tell me?"

"Yes sir. I thought — I mean, I was wondering if —"

"Talk up, boy. I can't hear you."

The kid looked scared. Lord, he looked scared — and he was white to begin with.

"Well sir, I was just wondering if — if you needed a saxophone."

"You know somebody plays sax?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"And who might that be?"

"Me."

"You."

"Yes sir."

Spoof smiled a quick one. Then he shrugged. "Broom off, son," he said. "Broom 'way off."

The kid turned red. He all of a sudden didn't look scared any more. Just mad. Mad as hell. But he didn't say anything. He went on back to his table and then it was end of the ten.

We swung into *Basin Street,* smooth as Charley's tenor could make it, with Lux Anderson talking it out: *Basin Street, man, it is the street, Where the elite, well, they gather 'round to eat a little . . .* And we fooled around with the slow stuff for a while. Then Spoof lifted his horn and climbed up two-and-a-half and let out his trademark, that short high screech that sounded like something dying that wasn't too happy about it. And we rocked some, Henry taking it, Jimmy kanoodling the great head-work that only Jimmy knows how to do, me slamming the skins — and it was nowhere. Without Honker to keep us all on the ground, we were just making noise. Good noise, all right, but not music. And Spoof knew it. He broke his mouth blowing — to prove it.

And we cussed the cat that sliced our man.

Then, right away — nobody could remember when it came in — suddenly, we had us an alto-sax. Smooth and sure and snaky, that sound put a knot on each of us and said: Bust loose now, boys, I'll pull you back down. Like sweet-smelling glue, like oil in a machine, like — Honker.

We looked around and there was the kid, still sore, blowing like a madman, and making fine fine music.

Spoof didn't do much. Most of all, he didn't stop the number. He just let that horn play, listening — and when we slid over all the rough spots and found us backed up neat as could be, the Ol' Massuh let out a grin and a nod and a "Keep blowin', young'un!" and we knew that we were going to be all right.

After it was over, Spoof walked up to the kid. They looked at each other, sizing it up, taking it in.

Spoof says: "You did good."

And the kid — he was still burned — says: "You mean I did *damn* good."

And Spoof shakes his head. "No, that ain't what I mean."

And in a second one was laughing while the other one blushed. Spoof had known all along that the kid was faking, that he'd just been lucky enough to know our style on *Basin Street* up-down-and-across.

The Ol' Massuh waited for the kid to turn and start to slink off, then he said: "Boy, you want to go to work?" . . .

Sonny learned so fast it scared you. Spoof never held back; he turned it all over, everything it had taken us our whole lives to find out.

And — we had some good years. Charley di Lusso dropped out, we took on Bud Meunier — the greatest bass man of them all — and Lux threw away his banjo for an AC-DC git-box and old C. T. Mr. "T" Green and his trombone joined the Crew. And we kept growing and getting stronger — no million-copies platter sales or stands at the Paramount — too 'special' — but we never ate too far down on the hog, either.

In a few years Sonny Holmes was making that sax stand on its hind legs and jump through hoops that Honker never dreamed about. Spoof let him strictly alone. When he got mad it wasn't ever because Sonny had white skin — Spoof always was too busy to notice things like that — but only because The Ol' Massuh had to get T'ed off at each one of us every now and then. He figured it kept us on our toes.

In fact, except right at first, there never was any real blood between Spoof and Sonny until Rose-Ann came along.

Spoof didn't want a vocalist with the band. But the coonshouting days were gone alas, except for Satchmo and Calloway — who had style: none of us had style, man, we just hollered — so when push came to shove, we had to put out the net.

And chickens aplenty came to crow and plenty moved on fast and we were about to give up when a dusky doll of 20-ought stepped up and let loose a hunk of *That Man I Love* and that's all, brothers, end of the search.

Rose-Ann McHugh was a little like Sonny: where she came from, she didn't know a ball of cotton from a piece of popcorn. She'd studied piano for a flock of years with a Pennsylvania longhair, read music whipfast and had been pointed toward the Big Steinway and the O.M.'s, Chopin and Bach and all that jazz. And good! — I mean, she could pull some very fancy noise out of those keys. But it wasn't the Road. She'd heard a few records of Muggsy Spanier's, a couple of Jelly Roll's — *New Orleans Bump, Shreveport Stomp,* old *Wolverine Blues* — and she just got took hold of. Like it happens, all the time. She knew.

Spoof hired her after the first song. And we could see things in her eyes for The Ol' Massuh right away, fast. Bad to watch: I mean to say, she was chicken dinner, but what made it ugly was, you could tell she hadn't been in the oven very long.

Anyway, most of us could tell. Sonny, for instance.

But Spoof played tough to begin. He gave her the treatment, all the way. To see if she'd hold up. Because, above everything else, there was the Crew, the Unit, the group. It was right, it had to stay right.

"Gal, forget your hands — that's for the cats out front. Leave 'em alone. And pay attention to the music, hear?"

"You ain't got a 'voice', you got an instrument. And you ain't even started *to learn how to play on it. Get some sound, bring it on out."*

"Stop that throat stuff — you' singin' with the Crew now. From the belly, gal, from the belly. That's *where music comes from, hear?"*

And she loved it, like Sonny did. She was with The Ol' Massuh, she knew what he was talking about.

Pretty soon she fit just fine. And when she did, and everybody knew she did, Spoof eased up and waited and watched the old machine click right along, one-two, one-two.

That's when he began to change. Right then, with the Crew growed up and in long pants at last. Like we didn't need him any more to wash our face and comb our hair and switch our behinds for being bad.

Spoof began to change. He beat out time and blew his riffs, but things were different and there wasn't anybody who didn't know that for a fact.

In a hurry, all at once, he wrote down all his great arrangements, quick as he could. One right after the other. And we wondered why — we'd played them a million times.

Then he grabbed up Sonny. *"White boy, listen. You want to learn how to play trumpet?"*

And the blood started between them. Spoof rode on Sonny's back twenty-four hours, showing him lip, showing him breath. *"This ain't a saxophone, boy, it's a trumpet, a music-horn. Get it right — do it again — that's lousy — do it again — that was nowhere — do it again — do it again!"* All the time.

Sonny worked hard. Anybody else, they would have told Ol' Massuh where he could put that little old horn. But the kid knew something was being given to him — he didn't know why, nobody did, but for a rea-

"Shucks, it's a statue!"

black country *(continued from page 18)*

son — something that Spoof wouldn't have given anybody else. And he was grateful. So he worked. And he didn't ask any how-comes, either.

Pretty soon he started to handle things right. 'Way down the road from great, but coming along. The sax had given him a hard set of lips and he had plenty of wind; most of all, he had the spirit — the thing that you can beat up your chops about it for two weeks straight and never say what it is, but if it isn't there, buddy-ghee, you may get to be President but you'll never play music.

Lord, Lord, Spoof worked that boy like a two ton jockey on a ten ounce horse. *"Do it again — that ain't right — God damn it, do it again! Now one more time!"*

When Sonny knew enough to sit in with the horn on a few easy ones, Ol' Massuh would tense up and follow the kid with his eyes — I mean it got real crawly. What for? Why was he pushing it like that?

Then it quit. Spoof didn't say anything. He just grunted and quit all of a sudden, like he'd done with us, and Sonny went back on sax and that was that.

Which is when the real blood started.

• • •

The Lord says every man has got to love something, sometime, somewhere. First choice is a chick, but there's other choices. Spoof's was a horn. He was married to a piece of brass, just as married as a man can get. Got up with it in the morning, talked with it all day long, loved it at night like no chick I ever heard of got loved. And I don't mean one-two-three: I mean the slow-building kind. He'd kiss it and hold it and watch out for it. Once a cat full of tea tried to put the snatch on Spoof's horn, for laughs: when Spoof caught up with him, that cat gave up laughing for life.

Sonny knew this. It's why he never blew his stack at all the riding. Spoof's teaching him to play trumpet — *the* trumpet — was like as if The Ol' Massuh had said: *"You want to take my wife for a few nights? You do? Then here, let me show you how to do it right. She likes it done right."*

For Rose-Ann, though, it was the worst. Every day she got that look deeper in, and in a while we turned around and, man! *Where* is little Rosie? She was gone. That young half-fried chicken had flew the roost. And in her place was a doll that wasn't dead, a big bunch of curves and skin like a brand new penny. Overnight, almost. Sonny noticed. Freddie and Lux and even old Mr. 'T' noticed. *I* had eyes in my head. But Spoof didn't notice. He was already in love, there wasn't any more room.

Rose-Ann kept snapping the whip, but Ol' Massuh, he wasn't *about* to make the trip. He'd started climbing, then, and he didn't treat her any different than he treated us.

"Get away, gal, broom on off — can't you see I'm busy? Wiggle it elsewhere, hear? Elsewhere. Shoo!"

And she just loved him more for it. Every time he kicked her, she loved him more. Tried to find him and see him and, sometimes, when he'd stop for breath, she'd try to help, because she knew something had crawled inside Spoof, something that was eating from the inside out, that maybe he couldn't get rid of alone.

Finally, one night, at a two-weeker in Dallas, it tumbled.

We'd gone through *Georgia Brown* for the tourists and things were kind of dull, when Spoof started sweating. His eyes began to roll. And he stood up, like a great big animal — like an ape or a bear, big and powerful and mean-looking — and he gave us the two-finger signal.

Sky-High. 'Way before it was due, before either the audience or any of us had got wound up.

Freddie frowned. "You think it's time, Top?"

"Listen," Spoof said, "God damn it, who says when it's time — you, or me?"

We went into it, cold, but things warmed up pretty fast. The dancers grumbled and moved off the floor and the place filled up with talk.

I took my solo and beat hell out of the skins. Then Spoof swiped at his mouth and let go with a blast and moved it up into that squeal and stopped and started playing. It was all head-work. All new to us.

New to anybody.

I saw Sonny get a look in his face, and we sat still and listened while Spoof made love to that horn.

Now like a scream, now like a laugh, — now we're swinging in the trees, now the white men are coming, now we're in the boat and chains are hanging from our ankles and we're rowing, rowing — *Spoof, what is it?* — now we're sawing wood and picking cotton and serving up those cool cool drinks to the Colonel in his chair — *Well, blow man!* — now we're free, and we're struttin' down Lenox Avenue and State & Madison and Pirate's Alley, laughing, crying — *Who said free?* — and we want to go back and we don't want to go back — *Play it, Spoof! God, God, tell us all about it! Talk to us!* — and we're sitting in a cellar with a comb wrapped up in paper, with a skin-barrel and a tinklebox — *Don't stop, Spoof! Oh Lord, please don't stop!* — and we're making something, something, what is it? It it jazz? Why yes, Lord, it's jazz. Thank you, sir, and thank you, sir, we finally got it, something that is *ours*, something great that belongs to us and to us alone, that we made, and *that's* why it's important, and *that's* what it's all about and — *Spoof! Spoof, you can't stop now* —

But it was over, middle of the trip. And there was Spoof standing there facing us and tears streaming out of those eyes and down over that coal-dust face, and his body shaking and shaking. It's the first we ever saw that. It's the first we ever heard him cough, too — like a shotgun going off every two seconds, big raking sounds that tore up from the bottom of his belly and spilled out wet and loud.

The way it tumbled was this. Rose-Ann went over to him and tried to get him to sit down. "Spoof, honey, what's wrong? Come on and sit down. Honey, don't just stand there."

Spoof stopped coughing and jerked his head around. He looked at Rose-Ann for a while and whatever there was in his face, it didn't have a name. The whole room was just as quiet as it could be.

Rose-Ann took his arm. "Come on, honey, Mr. Collins—"

He let out one more cough, then, and drew back his hand—that black-topped, pink-palmed ham of a hand—and laid it, sharp, across the girl's cheek. It sent her staggering. "Get off my back, hear? Damn it, git off! Stay away from me!"

She got up crying. Then, you know what she did? She waltzed on back and took his arm and said: "Please."

Spoof was just a lot of crazy-mad on two legs. He shouted out some words and pulled back his hand again. "Can't you never learn? What I got to do, god damn little—"

Then — Sonny moved. All-the-time quiet and soft and gentle Sonny. He moved quick across the floor and stood in front of Spoof.

"Keep your black hands off her," he said.

Ol' Massuh pushed Rose-Ann aside and planted his legs, his breath rattling fast and loose, like a bull's. And he towered over the kid, Goliath and David, legs far apart on the boards and fingers curled up, bowling balls at the end of his sleeves.

"You talkin' to me, boy?"

Sonny's face was red, like I hadn't seen it since that first time at the Continental Club, years back. "You've got ears, Collins. Touch her again and I'll kill you."

I don't know exactly what we expected, but I know what we were afraid of. We were afraid Spoof would let go; and if he did . . . well, put another bed in the hospital, men. He stood there, breathing, and Sonny gave it right back—for hours, days and nights, for a month, toe to toe.

Then Spoof relaxed. He pulled back

(continued on page 32)

THOUGHTS ON INSPECTING A NAVEL

article

BY EARL WILSON

the old saloon editor interviews a rhinestone

ONE SIMMERING SUMMER NIGHT, at the big Broadway saloon called the Hurricane, I was almost blinded by something that shone, glistened, and sparkled from the navel of a gal named Leticia.

I told myself then and there that the first night I had nothing to do I must go backstage and inspect that shiny object in the navel, and inspect the navel too.

(By coincidence, the very next night I had nothing to do.)

I suppose you think that when you want to make a date with a navel on Broadway, especially a prominent navel like Leticia's, you have to make a sort of reservation, or an appointment. But actually, getting acquainted with even so prominent a navel as Leticia's is simple. I merely walked into the joint, told Proprietor Dave Wolper I wished to interview Leticia's navel, and within a few minutes was led back to the dressing room. Just so you won't think my interest was something coarse or carnal, I'll explain that Leticia, full name Leticia Jay, comes from Jaytown, Texas, and is probably the outstanding ballet or belly dancer in the world today. Ballet dancer is the term that she uses. Belly dancer is the term that her agents, employers, and worshipers prefer. A descendant of John Jay and Robert Fulton, Miss Jay had arrived on our planet too late to sign the Declaration of Independence, or develop any hysteria over inventing steamboats, like her esteemed ancestors, so she gave her time and her body to making a much different contribution to mankind. She perfected the stomach roll, and when Leticia does it, and this shiny thing glares at you, you are beholding the human stomach in the most artistic expression anybody has ever been able to think up for it. I unqualifiedly recommend Leticia's stomach to all my thoughtful, discerning readers.

It was blistering hot backstage. Leticia, a well-proportioned brunette with graceful arms and legs, generous busts, and a fairly flat stomach, was sitting there in her bare feet and her navel. She wore some very scanty panties, about four inches wide, with fringe around them, and a brassière with fringe around it. Her navel, of course, was in the nude except for that shiny thing that blinked at me.

"I want to do a story about you," I said.

"About my dancing?"

"About your dancing and about your navel," I said. "Do you mind if I start out by touching this thing?"

I bent over bashfully toward the thing in her navel and poked my index finger tentatively toward it.

(It was *perfectly* all right! We had been formally introduced by Dave Wolper.)

"Go ahead," said Leticia hospitably.

As Leticia sat there courageously, my finger descended toward her navel, and totally without ceremony I rubbed my finger around the shiny object in her navel and I said, "What is that?"

"It's a rhinestone. When I get to be more successful, I'll wear a diamond in my tummy."

"Do you keep it in there all the time?"

"Of course not!" said Leticia. "You couldn't keep a thing like that in your belly button. It wouldn't be healthy. I'm going to take it out right now."

"Let me do it!" I pleaded. "After all, who's covering this story?"

"*You'd pull all the glue off*, and then I'd have a terrible time making it stick," Leticia replied. She jumped up and said she was going to take her fringed panties off first, as they were getting uncomfortable.

"I have on some underpants, so don't be alarmed," she said.

"Who was alarmed?" I retorted.

Easily she removed the rhinestone and laid it on her dressing table.

"I have a very strong navel," she said.

"I can see that," I said. "It's very attractive."

"Thank you," she said, "but I suppose you tell that to all the ballet dancers. I don't have any trouble with the rhinestone, except that I perspire it out on a hot night. It won't stick, so I have to use a special glue. If I used anything else, it would take the skin off."

We discussed her career at length, while Leticia was clad only in brassière and underpants. She was a serious dancer, having started dancing through a Ned Wayburn correspondence course. She went on the road in a dance team, taught in an Abilene, Texas, dancing school, worked her way up to Leon & Eddie's, and then was hired by Producer Mike Todd for one of his shows. Her stomach roll, done to primitive music, was a nice specialty in any kind of a revue.

"I am a very absent-minded dancer," Miss Jay remarked. "Once I danced out on the stage wearing my glasses. I forgot to take them off. Another time I put on this fringe piece around my tummy but forgot to put my pants on under it. I discovered my oversight, and so did the audience, when I took my very first walk across the stage."

It was time for Leticia to go back on the stage, so I got up and we both started out. At the door I noticed that damned thing winking at me from the dressing table where she had put it, and I exclaimed, "Hey, you forgot to cover up your navel!"

"I told you I was absent-minded," she said, and with that she dabbed some glue on the rhinestone, stuck it onto her navel, and was off.

Next day I printed a piece about inspecting her navel, and I was glad to learn next time I saw her that she had read it. However, she didn't care too much for it.

"Why not?" I said, in surprise.

"You wrote nothing except about my navel and the rhinestone," she said. "You didn't say anything about my dancing."

My God! It was true. Under the influence of her navel and the rhinestone I'd plumb forgot she danced.

Roll Out The Rolov

By Harry C. Crosby, Jr.

She wanted to make certain her date would be a success, and she knew that the sex machine could do a far better job of it than she.

MARYN was bored. She emerged from her bath dripping and unattractive, and waited resignedly as the Warm-Dry blew her lank young hair back from her forehead. The autotape whipped out and took the measurement of her immature figure.

From the bedroom nearby, the memory-box spoke with her mother's recorded voice: "Hurry up, Maryn."

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn obediently, knowing the memory-box would record her answer.

"It's almost eight," said her mother's voice, timed to go off when it was almost eight.

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn obediently.

"Well, you'd better hurry. Jackson won't want to be kept waiting."

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn. She pressed her hand along the flat length of her body and found she was dry. She waved her hand through the light beam and the Warm-Dry clicked off with a dying sigh. Maryn stepped on the travel-rug and pressed with her toes. The travel-rug slid with her into a luxurious bedroom.

"Jackson won't want to be kept waiting, Maryn," said her mother's voice from the memory-box.

"No, Mother," said Maryn. The "Jackson" her mother referred to was young Jackson Mellibant VII, just down from Herriman College. To her mother's delight, he had asked Maryn for a date.

"Remember," said her mother, "the Mellibants are very influential. You may not have another chance like this."

"No, Mother," groaned Maryn. She pressed down with her heels and the rug stopped before a pastel pink egg about five feet high. Maryn pressed down with the toes of her left foot and the heel of her right. The rug pivoted her around. Maryn passed her hand through a beam of blue light and the egg snicked open. Maryn stepped in and it closed around her, leaving only her head outside.

"Maryn," said her mother's voice. "I do think you should hurry. Are you getting your foundation yet?"

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn, who was now being buffeted about slightly, within the egg. Inside the pastel pink, egg-shaped machine, her body was being, as the advertisement put it, reborn.

"Remember," said her mother, "you must look your best, Maryn."

"Yes, Mother."

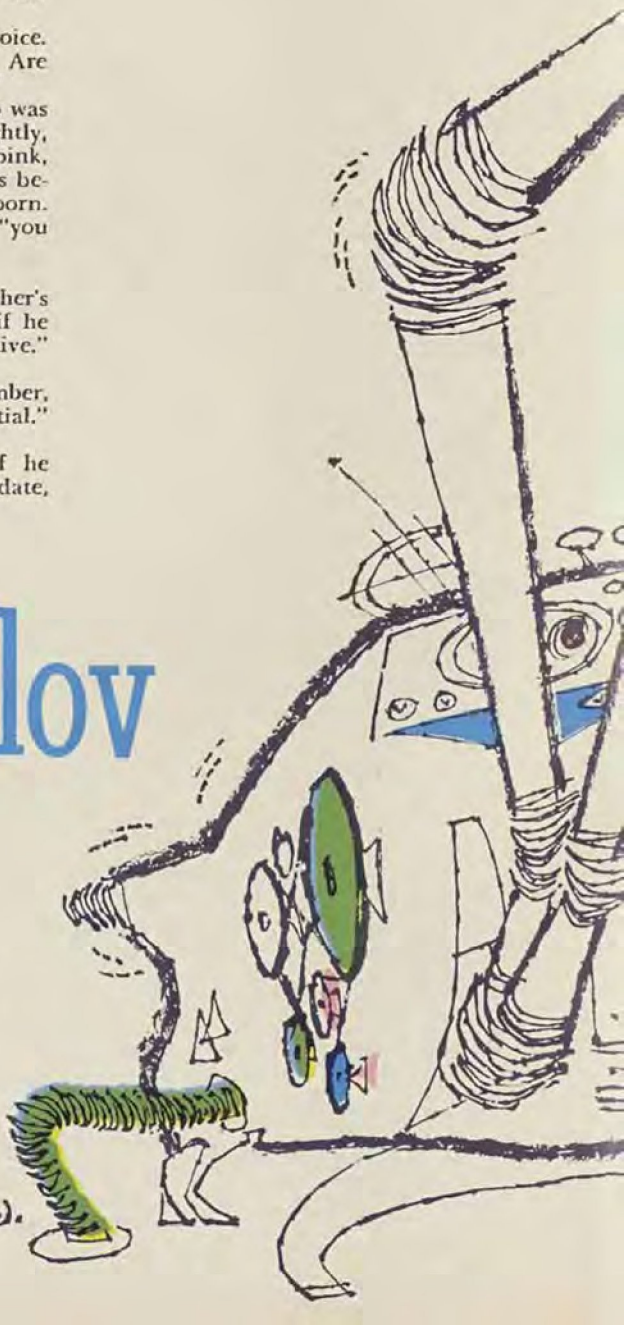
"Now, Maryn," said her mother's voice from the box, "remember if he gets—forward—you aren't to be naive."

"No, Mother," groaned Maryn.

"Lead him on, Maryn. Remember, the Mellibants are very influential."

"Yes, Mother."

"And Maryn, if he should—if he should—well, come up after your date,



ILLUSTRATED BY JERRY WARSHAW.

you're to use the rolov, do you understand?" Her mother's voice rose warningly. "Not yourself, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother," Maryn mumbled.

"I don't want you to feel hurt, Maryn, but you simply wouldn't do. What's the use of having these great technical advances if we don't use them? I've set the rolov so it will have your exact foundation, and he'll never know the difference. That way you'll both have a better time. Well, I'm glad that's settled. Have a good time, dear."

"Yes, Mother," murmured Maryn. The bag snapped open and Maryn stepped out. She raised her hands and felt the soft voluptuous curves of the dead plastic fastened upon her. She

The dressing machine prepared Maryn for the evening.

was now, according to the advertisement, "—Reborn—with mystery, with glamor, with the body beautiful to make men lie at your feet and cry aloud for your favor." She had, according to the advertisement, left behind the drabness of her "everyday self." Well, most of it, anyway. Maryn stuck her head into another pink pastel egg to get rid of the rest of it.

"Hurry, Maryn," said her mother as Maryn stood with her head in the egg.

"Glub," said Maryn. The egg ejected her head.

"Hurry," said her mother's voice.

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn. She stepped on the rug, dug in her toes and slid to the dressing machine. This sat like a great metal spider behind a flowered screen in the corner of the room. All the craft of a hundred designers had yet to make a dressing machine attractive, and Maryn approached it with the remains of childhood dread. Once she had started it, the long shiny metal arms flashed over her and Maryn lost her fear in boredom. She was always at first a little afraid the machine would spin a cocoon around her and hang her up for a trophy, but as usual it dutifully spun a dress about her. This time, Maryn was surprised to find the dress a trifle tighter than usual.

"Maryn," said her mother's voice.

"Yes, Mother?"

"You're in the dressing machine, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mother," Maryn raised her legs alternately for the shoes and stockings.

"Hurry," said her mother. "And don't reset the machine. I have it set properly now."

Maryn stood stock still till the dressing machine went *click* and a series of chimes played a tune, signifying that milady might now profitably move on to the finisher. Maryn pressed down heel and toe and slid around the screen to a pastel rose-and-gilt box about the size and shape of an upended coffin. Double doors popped open and a light lit up the wine colored interior. Maryn stepped in.

"Hurry, Maryn," came her mother's muffled voice.

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn. She shut her eyes and stood still as a hundred tiny nozzles opened and squirted perfume. A hot breeze fluffed her hair.

Somewhere outside, a chime announced the arrival of Jackson Mellibant VII.

"*Hurry,* Maryn," said her mother's voice, in a special peremptory tone. As a child, Maryn had been greatly impressed by the memory-box. Now she understood that her mother had merely sat down for a minute and rattled off her comments, touching the spacer button to put three minutes between this one and the next, and setting a special comment to be made when the dressing machine went on and another to be said when the front door chimed.

The finisher opened up and Maryn stepped out onto the travel-rug. On her way out, she had a brief glance at herself in a full length mirror. To an outsider, the effect was designed to be one of lush beauty, combined with serene sophistication and impeccable breeding. Maryn herself had the impression she was watching a popular solido heroine setting out on her stereotyped adventure for the Caswell Brewing Co.

"Remember, Maryn," hissed her mother's voice, "use the rolov, not yourself."

"Yes, Mother," groaned Maryn, as she slid out the bedroom door and down the hall to the living room. She sighed miserably and ran her tongue over her teeth. Their surface felt unnaturally slick and slippery, and Maryn realized that somewhere along the line they had received a coating of Shinywhite. She wondered where. Momentarily distracted by this question, she did not at first see the tall, handsome, sophisticated, and impeccably-bred figure of Jackson Mellibant VII. She caught only the tail end of his flashing smile as he pivoted on his rug and raised his arm. Together, the two of them slid out the door and down the spiral ramp to the waiting car.

• • •

The evening passed in stifled perfection. Jackson Mellibant VII said precisely the right thing at the right time. Maryn, well-drilled at the Lacemont Finishing School, found it impossible to give anything but the perfectly right reply. She and Jackson whirled around the dance floor with marvelous grace and precision, their feet locked to smooth metal disks, their motion controlled by the electronic calculator in the night club basement.

At the tables, Maryn and Jackson drank a good deal of champagne, which was automatically removed from their stomachs by the teleporter. The drive home in Jackson's car had, therefore, no element of hazard, since Jackson had no difficulty punching the proper destination on the keyboard.

On the drive home, carried out at precisely the city speed limit, Maryn sat in futile boredom as Jackson took up her hand and made a lyrical speech concerning it. Maryn's mouth opened and gave a neatly-turned reply. This led coyly on from stage to stage according to the established routine of Caswell Breweries' heroines, till at last they reached home. The car stopped itself by the walk. "My, the house seems lonely," said Maryn, with the correct degree of impropriety. She studied her gloves. "My parents," she added, "never get home till round three."

"Perhaps," said Jackson, "I might come up for a few minutes. Just to see that everything's all right."

"That," said Maryn, who felt like screaming and hammering on the walls, "is very thoughtful of you." They slid up the ramp together. Maryn turned to Jackson and flashed her Shinywhite smile at him. In turn he bent and kissed her plastic shoulder.

Together, they slid in through the living room. Maryn glanced sidewise at Jackson as they slid past the sofa. She was afraid he might choose to continue operations there. A moment later, they entered the hallway. This evidently required more intimacy, as he now put his arm around her waist.

At the bedroom door, they came to a halt. "You'll wait here for a moment?" she asked, putting her hand on his arm.

"Don't be long," he whispered.

In the living room, there was a faint rumble.

Maryn stiffened. "Did you hear that?"

"What?" asked Jackson, standing with one hand in his side pocket.

"That noise," said Maryn, becoming alarmed. "In the living room," she whispered. "Would you —"

"I most certainly shall," said Jackson, gallantly. He slid off down the hallway and Maryn waited in rising alarm till he called. "Perfectly all right. Nothing here."

"Thank Heaven," said Maryn, feeling her first genuine emotion of the evening. If Jackson had been on hand, she might have thrown her arms around him and kissed him, but he was still in the living room. Relapsing into boredom, Maryn slid into the bedroom and pulled back the covers. There on the sheets as a reminder was the small flat black box that controlled the rolov. Maryn stabbed one of the buttons, and the discreetly hidden door by the bed opened up. Out rumbled the lifelike rolov, and Maryn sat it on the bed, swung its feet off the travel platform, and slid the platform back into the closet. She closed the closet door, and worked the controls so that the rolov clumsily got into bed and lay down on its side. This part of the rolov's repertoire was not automatic, and took a certain amount of facility with the control box. Maryn, seeing how awkwardly the rolov got into bed, was grateful she did not have to make it walk anywhere. She stood looking at this model of her present appearance and had to admit that, except for the eyes, it looked lifelike. She laid her hand on its shoulder. It was cold as an oyster.

A gentle tap sounded on the bedroom door.

"Just a minute," breathed Maryn, hastily stabbing the warmup and breathing buttons. She flicked off the lights.

The door opened, and a dark form

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TOURNAMENT BRIDGE

BY WILLIAM ROSEN

about the game, and how the experts play it, by the world's champ

BRIDGE is one of the oldest card games still being played. Once known as euchre, it passed through various stages and was successively known as whist, partnership whist, auction bridge, and finally, contract bridge. The game holds a beguiling interest to most people because it is undoubtedly the most challenging of all card games, combining skill in bidding, play of the hand and, also, the subtle art of gamesmanship. Gamesmanship, as defined in an amusing book on the subject by Stephen Potter, is the art of winning without actually cheating. In bridge, the expert uses gamesmanship, when he not only plays his cards but also his opponents, in attempting to gain the maximum from the hand.

Because bridge is considered a game of skill rather than chance, it is perfectly legal to play for money and stakes may range from one hundredth of a cent a point in a game with four maiden ladies who still enjoy auction bridge to as high as fifty cents a point with top ranking players who are wealthy enough or proficient enough to be able to indulge their gaming urge.

Tournament bridge is played primarily for laurels, however. All tournaments are conducted under the auspices of the American Contract Bridge League. This non-profit organization runs the tournaments, awards trophies to the winners and, through a rating system, ranks the players who participate on the basis of the tournaments they have won.

Tournaments are conducted on the match point system. To understand this, you must understand the difference between tournament bridge and the ordinary brand of rubber bridge most people play. In tournaments, everyone sitting in a certain direction (North, East, South, or West) plays the same hands. This is accomplished by dealing out a hand and placing it in a "board" which has pockets for the cards. As a hand is played out, instead of throwing the cards into the center of the table to be gathered up by the winner of the trick, they are placed in front of the players and returned to the "board" after play is concluded. On the next round, another person sitting in the same position can play the identical hand. Points are scored by gaining a better result with the same cards than other players sitting in the same position. One point is given for each player you beat, sitting your way, one-half a point for a tie score and no points, of course, for getting a smaller score from the hand. The person who has the greatest number of "match-points" is the winner of the tournament.

In tournament bridge you are, in reality, competing not against your actual opponents, but against players at other tables who are sitting in your same direction. Since each hand is a separate contest, bidding a grand slam may be of less importance than making an overtrick at a part-score contract.

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About the author: If bridge has a world's champion, he's a twenty-four year old guy named William Rosen. He won last year's McKinney Trophy for the best performance of the year, accumulating the highest number of points scored by any individual player in championship tournaments. His team won the Master's Team of Four and Master's Pair competitions at the national tournament in St. Louis, and the first part of this year, he and other members of the U.S. team won the international bridge finals at Monte Carlo. As this issue goes to press, he is in Washington, D.C., defending his national titles.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS SEPTEMBER

"Perfect state of preservation, professor—36-26-36!"

PLAYBOY at the CHAFING DISH

By Thomas Mario

playboy's food & drink editor

Catch her eye with that romantic blue flame and you'll have her eating out of your hand

THE word "chafing" comes from the old French *chaufer* meaning to make warm, to excite or inflame.

From the earliest Roman times amateur and professional gourmets have understood this principle when performing at the chafing dish. Seneca, the Roman Stoic who lived in the first century A.D., talked about the "chafing dish that pleases the pampered palate." Centuries later Marie Antoinette ordered an elaborate chafing dish made in England to tickle the taste buds of the royal player-arounders.

In the late 19th century the chafing dish was the elegant tool of Philadelphia matrons and millionaire yachtsmen. One from that period was so cleverly designed that when taken on an ocean voyage, it would remain upright, spirit lamp burning brightly, no matter at what precarious angle the ship's deck stood and no matter how ossified the skipper might become.

But the chafing dish was destined for more lively company and at the turn of the century it was taken from the drawing room damsels into the attics of artists and writers and into the dens of playboys and playdaddies where it has remained ever since.

The latter soon discovered a bit of wisdom PLAYBOY gladly passes along at this point: namely, it is possible to have a woman eating out of your hand without ever laying that hand on her, in fact, without even looking at her, by simply catching her eye with the romantic blue flame of a chafing dish.

After you've caught her eye, you proceed to catch her nostrils. The lady herself knows the value of this sense when she spills *eau de cologne* over her shoulders or dabs the back of her ears with a drop or two of *Passionate Night*. You now set up a counter olfactory current. Your sorcery includes such ingredients as butter, cheese, wine, seafood and cream.

The chafing dish is actually only a small portable stove which can be placed on a table. It's a simple apparatus with a tripod base holding a bottom pan (which holds water) and a top pan in which the food is cooked. The top pan is called the blazer. Beneath the pans is a small burner containing alcohol, Sterno, or a similar fuel. When both bottom and top pan are used, the chafing dish functions in the same way as a double broiler. It is used to cook food by indirect heat or to keep food hot before serving. When the bottom pan is removed and the blazer is placed directly on top of the flame, the chafing dish becomes an ordinary saucepan or frying pan.

From whence, then, comes the chafing dish's incredible magnetism? Why, since it is only a double broiler or a frying pan, has it become the emblem of larkish living and high-fed wooing?

Tell a girl, for instance, that you're going into the kitchen to make some Clams Southside, and she'll probably say, in a rather bored voice, "Oh, I didn't know you could cook."

But light the flame under a chafing dish and see what happens. A show is on. You must be sure, first of all, that the chafing dish rests on the whitest Irish linen tablecloth you can buy. You must be sure the chinaware is gleaming and the silver is burnished bright. The fragrance of perking coffee has been stealing around for a few minutes now. You place the blazer directly over the flame. You may melt a few tablespoons of sweet butter in the blazer and add about two dozen cooked shrimps. When the shrimps are glossy with butter, you shower them with dry sherry and paprika.

Until now the young lady has remained silent with a kind of fixed stare. You look up from your proceedings just long enough to notice that emotionally she is now on stilts. The combined aroma of the butter, the sherry, and the shrimps creates an effect something like that achieved by Dr. Mesmer. Your subject is under complete control.

The art of the chafing dish isn't quite as easy as it may sound. The bobbish young man who doesn't know his chafing dish cookery can cause quite an uproar with the small, gleaming apparatus. If he doesn't put water in the bottom pan, he can burn or discolor the metal. If he doesn't use the proper wick in the alcohol lamp or enough alcohol, he can wait around until Christmas for the fire to begin cooking the food. Finally he must learn the careful art of avoiding the last minute rush. Some of his foods must be previously prepared, some only half prepared, but all in a stage of preparation that allows him to execute his steps of legerdemain with the shortest space of time and with the greatest of ease.

A chafing dish usually reflects the

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JANE

BRITAIN'S BEAUTIFUL COMIC-STRIPPER

THOSE who consider the English a rather stuffy bunch have never met Jane, England's favorite cartoon character. Americans, used to Blondie and Little Orphan Annie, would probably find this beautiful British comic-stripper a little disconcerting. Picture, if you can, Daisy Mae out hunting Li'l Abner in her birthday suit, or the sinister Dragon Lady stepping from behind an oriental curtain completely nude. That's just the sort of thing Jane's enthusiastic fans have learned to expect of their heroine in her daily appearances in the London *Daily Mirror*.

We don't want you to get the idea *Jane* isn't a clean comic strip, however. Nothing could be further from the truth. Considering the number of showers and baths she takes each week, she is probably the cleanest character in all cartoonery. In this and similar, often ingenious ways, Jane manages to regularly show readers about as much of Jane as there is to show.

We hope this is the beginning of a trend. We'd love to share a shower with Brenda Starr, Burma, or one of Smilin' Jack's cuties.

IN A TYPICAL MISADVENTURE, JANE VISITS A HEALTH RESORT WITH THE MISTAKEN IDEA THAT IT IS A NUDIST COLONY

WELL, THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT, FRITZ!— THEY SAY IT'S THE VISITOR WHO'S *DRESSED* WHO FEELS SHY IN A NUDIST CAMP...
K220
AND IF IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR LAVINIA I SUPPOSE IT'S O.K. FOR ME!
IS THE COAST CLEAR?— I MEAN—I DON'T WANT TO MEET A *SINGLE* GUEST...
I HOPE THEY'RE *ALL* ON THE TERRACE, SO THAT I CAN MINGLE WITH THE MOB AND BE OVERLOOKED INSTEAD OF *LOOKED OVER*...
THERE'S NO ONE ON THE TERRACE YET... HAVE I GOT TO *WAIT* FOR THEM HERE?
IT'S NO GOOD FRITZ!— I ***CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!***
AH!—THERE'S A *FIG-TREE* GROWING AGAINST THE WALL — COMPLETE WITH LEAVES!
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
K221
NOW I FEEL READY TO FACE ANYONE, FRITZ!
AFTER ALL, THIS IS NO WORSE THAN A FANCY DRESS COSTUME!—I'LL PRETEND I'M GOING AS EVE TO THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL...
HERE THEY COME!—I DON'T CARE A FIG FOR DR CYRUS SYMIAN ANY MORE!—I MIGHT EVEN MAKE HIM TURN OVER A NEW LEAF WHEN HE SEES ME...
K222
WE'LL GO AND MEET THEM, FRITZ!— IT'LL SHOW THEM I'M QUITE AT MY EASE IN MY FIG-LEAVES...
WAIT A MINUTE!— THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!
GOOD GRIEF!— THEY'RE ALL ***DRESSED!***
JANE!—WHERE ON EARTH ARE YOUR CLOTHES?
!
?
K223

black country *(continued from page 20)*

those fat lips, that didn't look like lips any more, they were so tough and leathery, and showed a mouthful of white and gold, and grunted, and turned, and walked away.

We swung into *Twelfth Street Rag* in *such* a hurry!

And it got kicked under the sofa.

But we found out something, then, that nobody even suspected.

Sonny had it for Rose-Ann. He had it bad.

And that ain't good.

• • •

Spoof fell to pieces after that. He played day and night, when we were working, when we weren't working. Climbing. Trying to get it said, all of it.

"Listen, you can't hit Heaven with a slingshot, Daddy-O!"

"What you want to do, man — blow Judgement?"

He never let up. If he ate anything, you tell me when. Sometimes he tied on, straight stuff, quick, medicine type of drinking. But only after he'd been climbing and started to blow flat and ended up in those coughing fits.

And it got worse. Nothing helped, either: foam or booze or tea or even Indoor Sports, and he tried them all. And got worse.

"Get fixed up, Mr. C, you hear? See a bone-man; you in bad shape . . ."

"Get away from me, get on away!" Hawk! and a big red spot on the handkerchief. *"Broom off! Shoo!"*

And gradually the old horn went sour, ugly and bitter sounding, like Spoof himself. Hoo Lord, the way he rode Sonny then: *"How you like the dark stuff, boy? You like it pretty good? Hey there, don't hold back. Rosie's fine talent — I know. Want me to tell you about it, pave the way, show you how? I taught you everything else, didn't I?"* And Sonny always clamming up, his eyes doing the talking: *"You were a great musician, Collins, and you still are, but that doesn't mean I've got to like you — you won't let me. And you're damn right I'm in love with Rose-Ann! That's the biggest reason why I'm still here — just to be close to her. Otherwise, you wouldn't see me for the dust. But you're too dumb to realize she's in love with you, too dumb and stupid and mean and wrapped up with that lousy horn!"*

What *Sonny* was too dumb to know was, Rose-Ann had cut Spoof out. She was now Public Domain.

Anyway, Spoof got to be the meanest, dirtiest, craziest, low-talkinest man in the world. And nobody could come in: he had signs out all the time . . .

The night that he couldn't even get a squeak out of his trumpet and went back to the hotel—alone, always alone—and put the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger, we found something out.

We found out what it was that had been eating at the Ol' Massuh.

Cancer.

• • •

Rose-Ann took it the hardest. She had the dry-weeps for a long time, saying it over and over: "Why didn't he let us know? Why didn't he tell us?"

But, you get over things. Even women do, especially when they've got something to take its place.

We reorganized a little. Sonny cut out the sax—saxes were getting corn-ball anyway—and took over on trumpet. And we decided against keeping Spoof's name. It was now SONNY HOLMES AND HIS CREW.

And we kept on eating high up. Nobody seemed to miss Spoof—not the cats in front, at least—because Sonny blew as great a horn as anybody could want, smooth and sure, full of excitement and clean as a gnat's behind.

We played across the States and back, and they loved us—thanks to the kid. Called us an 'institution' and the disk jockeys began to pick up our stuff. We were 'real,' they said—the only authentic jazz left, and who am I to push it? Maybe they were right.

Sonny kept things in low. And then, when he was sure—damn that slow way; it had been a cinch since back when—he started to pay attention to Rose-Ann. She played it cool, the way she knew he wanted it, and let it build up right. Of course, who didn't know she would've married him this minute, now, just say the word? But Sonny was a very conscientious cat indeed.

We did a few stands in France about that time—Listen to them holler! and a couple in England and Sweden—getting better, too—and after a breather, we cut out across the States again.

It didn't happen fast, but it happened sure. Something was sounding flat all of a sudden like—wrong, in a way:

During an engagement in El Paso we had *What the Cats Dragged In* lined up. You all know *Cats*—the rhythm section still, with the horns yelling for a hundred bars, then that fast and solid beat, that high trip and trumpet solo? Sonny had the ups on a wild riff and was coming on down, when he stopped. Stood still, with the horn to his lips; and we waited.

"Come on, wrap it up—you want a drum now? What's the story, Sonny?"

Then he started to blow. The notes came out the same almost, but not quite the same. They danced out of the horn strop-razor sharp and sliced up high and blasted low and the cats all fell out. "Do it! Go, man! Oooo, I'm out of the boat, don't pull me back! Sing out, man!"

The solo lasted almost seven minutes. When it was time for us to wind it up, we just about forgot.

The crowd went wild. They stomped and screamed and whistled. But they couldn't get Sonny to play any more. He pulled the horn away from his mouth—I mean that's the way it looked, as if he was yanking it away with all his strength—and for a second he looked surprised, like he'd been goosed. Then his lips pulled back into a smile.

It was the *damndest* smile!

Freddie went over to him at the break. "Man, that was the craziest. How many tongues you got?"

But Sonny didn't answer him.

• • •

Things went along all right for a little. We played a few dances in the cities, some radio stuff, cut a few platters. Easy walking style.

Sonny played Sonny—plenty great enough. And we forgot about what happened in El Paso. So what? So he cuts loose once—can't a man do that if he feels the urge? Every jazz man brings that kind of light at least once.

We worked through the sticks and were finally set for a New York opening when Sonny came in and gave us the news.

It was a gasser. Lux got sore. Mr. 'T' shook his head.

"Why? How come, Top?"

He had us booked for the corn-belt. The old-time route, exactly, even the old places, back when we were playing razzmatazz and feeling our way.

"You trust me?" Sonny asked. "You trust my judgement?"

"Come off it, Top; you know we do. Just tell us how come. Man, New York's what we been working for—"

"That's just it," Sonny said. "We aren't ready."

That brought us down. How did *we* know — we hadn't even thought about it.

"We need to get back to the real material. When we play in New York, it's not anything anybody's liable to forget in a hurry. And that's why I think we ought to take a refresher course. About five weeks. All right?"

Well, we fussed some and fumed some, but not much, and in the end we agreed to it. Sonny knew his stuff, that's what we figured.

"Then it's settled."

And we lit out.

Played mostly the old stuff dressed up—*Big Gig, Only Us Chickens* and the rest—or head-arrangements with a lot of trumpet. Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky . . .

When we hit Louisiana for a two-nighter at the Tropics, the same thing happened that did back in Texas. Sonny blew wild for an eight minute

(continued on page 45)

PUNCH'S NEW YORKER

NOT all of England's cartooning is as breezy as *Jane*. *Punch*, Britain's famous humor magazine, recently did a satire on its equally famous American counterpart, *The New Yorker*. This included take-offs on several of *The New Yorker's* cartoonists, in styles so close to the originals that even regular *TNY* readers will have difficulty telling the difference.

humor

"How long are we going to keep up this mad pretence of mutual disinterestedness, Mr. Millnos?"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As Sam the fruit man reminded us the other day, the apple of the average playboy's eye is usually the prettiest peach with the biggest pear.

The connoisseur sat down at the bar and ordered a martini. "Very dry," he insisted. "Twenty parts gin to one part vermouth."

"All right sir," said the bartender. "Shall I twist a bit of lemon peel over it?"

"My good man, when I want lemonade, I'll ask for it."

An elderly playboy we know has catalogued the three stages of a man's life: Tri-Weekly, Try Weekly, Try Weakly.

The psychiatrist was holding a group consultation with three young mothers and their small children. "You all have obsessions," he told them. To the first one, he said, "Your obsession is eating. Why, you've even named your little girl Candy." The second, he said, was obsessed by money. "Again, it manifests itself in your child's name, Penny." At this point, the third mother arose and, taking her little boy by the hand, whispered, "Let's go, Peter."

A drunk and his inebriated friend were sitting at a bar.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked the drunk.

"Sure," said the friend.

"Thanks," said the drunk.

Same two guys, same bar.

"Say," said the drunk, noticing a young lady seated at the other end of the bar, "isn't that Hortense?"

"I don't know," shrugged the friend, "she looks relaxed to me."

The little girl walked into the drugstore and asked the clerk, "Do you fit men for trusses here?" Bewildered but obliging, he replied, "Why, yes, we do."

"Well, wash your hands," said the little girl, "I want a chocolate soda."

Our research department tells us that in the days of Queen Elizabeth I, some ladies-in-waiting liked to curl up with a good book, while others were satisfied with one of the pages.

A stranger in town found his way to the most luxurious bordello. He entered, selected a gorgeous red-head, and was escorted to a resplendent bed chamber of Hollywood proportions. Half an hour later, a satisfied smile on his face, he sought out the madam and took his wallet from his pocket. But the madam would not accept payment. She opened the drawer of a solid gold cash register, counted out a hundred dollars, and handed the money to him. Stunned and speechless, he staggered out.

A week later, he returned, chose a succulent blond, and was presented with *two* hundred dollars by the madam. Still puzzled, he took the money and left, feeling himself a very lucky fellow indeed.

The next night, he decided to pay another visit. After enjoying the services of a beautiful brunette, he walked up to the madam, held out his hand and waited for the money. He was unpleasantly surprised when she said, "Twenty-five dollars, please."

"Now, look here," he rejoined. "The first time I came in here, *you* gave *me* a hundred dollars. The second time, you gave me two hundred. How come I don't get paid tonight?"

"Tonight," replied the madam, "you were *not* on television!"

Rolov (*continued from page 24*)

slid quickly in.

"Over here," whispered Maryn, crouching by the bed.

"Darling," murmured the passionate voice of Jackson Mellibant VII.

Maryn pressed the automatic button.

"Darling," breathed the rolov, in a voice like pure fire.

Maryn, unable to stand it, slipped out of the room. She did not doubt she could leave this end of the evening to the built-in skill of the rolov, but she did not think she could bear to watch it. With the hot murmurings still faintly audible behind her, she tiptoed wearily down the hallway and walked into the living room.

On the sofa, reading the night's paper, sprawled Jackson Mellibant VII, his face a study in boredom.

Maryn stood transfixed.

Jackson, flipping the paper, glanced up, snapped the paper around and looked at it. An instant later he glanced up again at Maryn. "Eh!" he gasped, his eyes wide.

"Well!" said Maryn.

For a moment they stared at each other. "You're not in — there!" Jackson commented stupidly.

"What about you?" snapped Maryn.

For a moment they stared at each other vacantly, then Jackson's face took on a look of shrewd calculation. "Come on," he said. She followed him down the hallway, holding tightly to his hand. They bent to listen at the bedroom door. Giggling murmurs came from within.

Jackson started to shake silently. He pulled her back to the living room and burst out laughing.

"I don't see anything funny about it," snapped Maryn. "Who's in there?"

Jackson sank down on the couch and laughed all the harder.

"Some *friend* of yours?" Maryn demanded icily.

Jackson choked and gasped for breath. "Whew!" he said. "Friend?" He tried to stop laughing and failed. He put his hand on Maryn's arm, as if for patience, and she struck it away angrily. She stamped her foot.

"Maryn," said Jackson between bursts of laughter, "did you put a rolov in there?"

"What if *I* did?" she demanded angrily. "That's better than you — you —"

"No," said Jackson, "you don't understand." He took a small flat black box out of his side pocket and held it up. "*I* put one in there, too," he said.

As Maryn stared, he started to laugh again. "Two love-making machines," he gasped, "locked in steely embrace. Ye gods, there's progress, for you!"

"I don't think that's very funny," said Maryn. "Why did you have to send a machine in?"

"Oh," said Jackson. "The Murches are very influential people. Miss Maryn Murch must have nothing but the best."

"But —" Maryn stared at him. Jackson Mellibant VII was the precise image of exact physical and social perfection. Very clearly, he *was* the best. Maryn said so.

"Oh no," said Jackson. "Don't judge others by yourself. I'm all sham and pretense. You don't get strong leading the lives we lead today. I couldn't compare with that machine."

"You mean," said the startled Maryn, "that you're *made up*?"

"That's it," said Jackson, rising sadly to his feet. "I'm a fraud, a fake. Well, I'll get my machine and be going."

"Wait a minute," said Maryn, taking him by the arm.

"What?"

"I want to talk to you."

"Still?" He looked at her in surprise.

"Yes."

"What about the machines?"

"Oh, they can blow a fuse for all I care," said Maryn. "Let's sit down." She motioned towards the sofa.

"M'm. All right," said Jackson.

As they moved close to one another, a little tremor of real emotion ran through each of them. And there in the shadows they enjoyed a pleasure that was, perhaps, not quite perfection, but was all the more enjoyable because it wasn't.

• • •

It was well into the morning when Maryn's mother returned, went directly to the memory-box in the bedroom and ran it through. "Well," she said to Maryn, "Everything seems to have gone off very nicely. Did he ask for another date?"

Maryn nodded.

"That's good," said her mother. "Remember, Maryn, the Mellibants are very influential people. You must *continue* to do your very best—to make the very best impression."

"Yes, Mother," said Maryn, obediently. "I will."

FEMALES BY COLE: 4

The Virgin

CHAFING DISH (*continued from page 29*)

personality of its user. Some would seem to believe in cooking by fumigation rather than fire. This type waits until he and his guests are slightly starved and then, noticing that he has forgotten to fill the apparatus with fluid, he brings a gallon can of alcohol to the table. This guy also requires a pair of pliers to open the can, which is rusty. After considerable maneuvering, he manages to wrench loose the top of the can and successfully spills most of its contents on his lap, soaking his trousers down through his shorts, and filling the air with fumes that remind his fascinated audience of a very sterile hospital ward.

The Fumigator then proceeds to pour the alcohol into the chafing dish burner. The alcohol, of course, flows like the Mississippi at full spring tide, inundating glasses, linen and silverware, with only a trickle reaching the spirit lamp. By this time every well-mannered guest is reaching for his gas mask. All this colossus at the chafing dish now needs for his second act high spot are a few well placed live cigarettes ashes to set his entire apartment into a glorious blaze.

If you are using liquid alcohol, fumigation and possible conflagration can be avoided by opening the can in the kitchen and filling the burner over the sink, using a small funnel. Better still, use a semi-liquid fuel such as Sterno which requires no pouring or wicks.

Besides the Fumigators there are the pretentious amateur gourmets, the *cognoscenti* of the culinary arts, who will cluster about your chafing dish like gnats at a sweet picklebarrel. These are the fellows who can't imagine cooking without an immense tray of assorted spices and herbs containing anything from coriander to fenugreek. They are the "Good gracious! No saffron here" sort, the "Fergoodnessakes! He keeps his truffles in the refrigerator" type. Their idea of a fascinating bit of reading is to beguile you with a seventeenth century recipe for *Filet de Mouton a la Moneglas aux Foie Gras*.

This is the fellow who only cries the praises of unusual foods that few people know and that fewer people care about. In short, they use the chafing dish to trot out their odd knowledge and esoteric tastes. They know how, in the brief space of eighteen hours, to make enough salmon forcemeat for four persons. But they run to seed when someone asks them to make a few soft scrambled eggs. They are to be avoided like botulism or ptomaine poison.

The size of the chafing dish you buy should depend upon the number of people you normally entertain. For the average small group of two to six people, a chafing dish with a two quart capacity is ample. Choose a chafing dish of heavy metal for uniform, steady heating. Blazers made of thin metal tend to scorch food readily. The most expensive chafing dishes are those of heavy silver, and many of them are rather pretentious. Copper pans with tin or silver linings are warm and hospitable looking and have excellent cooking qualities. New and inexpensive are the aluminum chafing dishes with iron bases.

When cooking at the chafing dish, it's a good idea to have a wooden spoon for stirring rather than a metal one, to avoid scratching the dish.

If you know nothing whatever about cooking, you can still have a fine time with a chafing dish. Remember that it is, first of all, a food warmer and that these days it is possible to buy prepared dishes—frozen, canned, or packed in jars—varying from onion soup to *crepes suzette*. Most such foods merely require heating to serve; a few rules of thumb are helpful in the serving. Many of these prepared main dishes are sauce foods such as veal scallopine, lobster newburgh and chicken a la king and they can be improved rather simply.

If, for instance, you are heating a food with a white sauce like creamed mushrooms or chicken a la king, you can always enhance it by adding a small amount of sweet cream. A dash of white wine or sherry is likewise an improvement in white sauce dishes. A half-teaspoon or teaspoon of grated onion is salutary.

If the food is in brown sauce, you can generally step up the flavor by adding a dash of red wine, or dissolving a bouillon cube or two in the sauce, or by adding one of the flavor improvers such as Accent, Maggi seasoning, etc.

Some chafing dish cookery is merely a matter of combining pre-prepared foods. For instance, if you want to make shrimps creole, you can buy fresh shrimps, already cooked or cooked and shelled, from a fish dealer. You then buy a can of creole sauce, combine the shrimps and sauce, heat them to bubbling and you have a delightful shrimp creole.

Many chafing dish foods require cooking from scratch, of course, and the easiest and most popular of these is scrambled eggs, the queen of the late supper and early morning dishes. In the early hours before dawn, after the spark of love has been spent, a kind of ghoulish hunger is abroad. It's too late to go prowling the streets hunting for eating places that are still open. One is too tired to fuss with sauces or seafood. In the refrigerator are butter and eggs. On the pantry shelf there's a tin of flat salted anchovy filets. It takes only a moment to light the chafing dish. Then, like all good cooks, you start working from outward perimeter inward. You begin at the terminal end with the coffee, the napkins, the rolls or toast, the butter—everything but the scrambled eggs. Then when you and she are ready to eat, you open the eggs into a dish and beat them until the whites are no longer visible.

You put the blazer of the chafing dish over a direct flame. For each two eggs, you place a tablespoon of butter in the blazer. When the butter just begins to splutter and brown, you add the eggs. Douse them generously with salt, lightly with white pepper. Then stir and don't stop stirring until the eggs are ready to be turned into the serving dishes. Cook them dry if you like, but the true devotee of scrambled eggs will want them soft. If you want to add a tablespoon of sweet cream to the eggs while cooking them or a dash of grated cheese, you may do so, but either of these filips will alter the wonderful comforting flavor of country fresh eggs.

Over the eggs on the serving dishes, you may place three or four salted anchovies or several strips of smoked salmon. A kippered herring or a Yarmouth bloater warmed in butter may be placed on the scrambled eggs, but these items are for literal breakfast eaters rather than for hungry owls.

When the eggs have been placed on the serving dishes, you may wait for a few seconds until the steam subsides, but you shouldn't let the eggs get cold or flat. The hot coffee should be served in oversize cups.

There are, of course, nights when any playboy gets fed up with plain womaninity. He gets tired of their rickety chatter, their high geared demands for attention, the fact that they are proud one minute and the next minute dying on the vine. He becomes conked out with quarreling and then he wants the fellows around. He wants to jaw and tell a few blue gags. When the bull session reaches midnight, all the fellows will feel hunger pangs and that's the signal for a Welsh Rabbit, perennial favorite of night hawks.

Frequently the dish is spelled "Welsh Rarebit," an affectation. There are a lot of explanations for the name, Welsh Rabbit. One school holds that poor Welshmen who had no meat and who were forbidden to poach on the large estates, for rabbit or any other game, turned instead to their simple cheddar cheese as the

(*continued on page 50*)

personality

lō-llō-brig̀-ĭ-dä,

a form of Italian cheesecake

"I WAS walking down the street minding my own business when this man came up to me and said he wanted to put me in the movies. I got very angry and told him that line stopped working years ago."

The man in this case was Mario Costa, a top Italian film director, and the girl who tells the story is an

Gina rotates a handsome hip for the publicity cameraman.

appetizing morsel with a name even Italians have trouble pronouncing: Gina Lollobrigida.

Costa gave her a feature role in a film version of *Pagliacci*. At once, *lollo* and *brigida* became Italian synonyms for the left and right female mammae, respectively.

Since then, she has made over twenty-five pictures, but only a fraction of them have penetrated the Cellophane Curtain of purity surrounding the U. S. In the few films Americans have been lucky enough to

Above: a ragged Gina in "Bread, Love and Dreams." Below: in "Times Gone By," as a voluptuaus cauntry girl who never learned to say "no."

see, she has proved to be a girl of real beauty, with a warm personality, plenty of charm, and a small but adequate amount of acting talent.

Gina shared her generous bosom with the world in such films as *Fan-Fan The Tulip* and *Times Gone By,* but it was not until she appeared in the recent *Beauties of the Night* for famed French director Rene Clair that she also made public her matchless abdomen and *derriere.* Gina's charming posterior upset both the Venice Film Festival authorities and the U. S. Customs Office. They wanted it deleted from the film. Rene Clair insisted that it stay in. Clair won out over the Festival authorities and the film copped a prize, but U. S. Customs succeeded in keeping most of Gina's bottom to itself, leaving only one split-second wiggle for American movie-goers.

Yet to be released in this country are Gina's latest pictures, *A Woman of Rome* and *Bread, Love and Dreams.* Tantalized by the glimpses of breasts, belly and buttocks in her past films, American men are waiting expectantly to learn what's next on the agenda for unveiling.

Gina's revealing harem costume and the nude bathing scene in "Beauties of the Night" made even European eyes pop.

VIRGINITY (*continued from page* 9)

really an approach at all. Liquor, by itself, never seduced anybody. You can, however, dissolve a good many inhibitions in the proper amount of alcohol. A few drinks will usually help along any of the standard approaches, but we emphasize — a *few* drinks. It is possible to reach a point of diminishing returns when imbibing. The girl may lose all interest in sex, you may discover — at the last moment — that you are not up to the occasion, the girl may get sick, you may get sick, she may lose consciousness. (Ground Rule 32b: It is unfair to take liberties with a lady who is unconscious. This cannot be properly considered seduction, since she has pretty well lost her freedom of choice. Some will argue that any amount of alcohol robs a person of a certain amount of free choice in such matters. We prefer to believe that liquor only gives a lady the courage to do what she would very much like to do when cold sober, but hasn't the nerve for.)

The Intellectual Approach. In its purest forms, this technique is best suited to librarians and girls working on their Ph.D's. With this approach, sex never even enters the conversation until the very end of the evening. Much time is spent, instead, in discussing the world's great writers, the philosophy of Aristotle, the pros and cons of world government, progressive education, Einstein's theory of relativity, etc. Throughout the evening, the emphasis is intellectual rather than physical. You compliment, not the girl's good looks or her 38 inch bust, but her mind. By the time you get around to the young lady's virginity, the physical side of life seems so completely unimportant, she will comply with scarcely a second thought.

The Freudian Approach. Here's a real favorite. Sigmund and Dr. Kinsey (discussed a little later) have done more for sex than any other men who ever lived. Explain to the lady that her virginity is really stuck up someplace in her super-ego, and not the spot where she thinks she keeps it. Explain that sex is a perfectly normal drive, like hunger, thirst, Hydromatic. Hint darkly about the dangers of frustrating the libido — mention neuroses, psychoses, halitoses, and anything else you can think of to throw in. By evening's end, the poor creature will be begging you to save her from a life of frigidity, a traumatic-schizophrenic-oedipus-complex,

(*continued on page* 50)

"I'll ask the questions, sir!"

"It's my husband, but relax—he's sneaking into your apartment across the hall."

A new translation of one of the choicest stories from Boccaccio's Decameron

Ribald CLASSICS

Illustrated by Leon

The breeze had lifted his tunic.

THE GARDENER AND THE NUNS

A CERTAIN convent, in the olden time, contained eight young nuns and an abbess, all noted for their sanctity. The only men they ever saw were the convent steward and a gardener: aged fellows, homely in appearance and simple of mind—men not likely to inspire passion in even the most wanton of women.

The gardener's duties were arduous and his salary small. Eventually, therefore, the gardener gave up the job and returned to the town of his birth. He was welcomed by the townspeople, among them a strong and lusty youth named Masetto, who asked him, "What did you do at the convent?"

"Tended the garden," the old man answered, "fetched wood and water, and many other things. But the pay was next to nothing and there's no pleasing those holy sisters. They're all too young and full of spirit, forever teasing and bedevilling a poor soul. It was too much for me."

Masetto nodded gravely and said, "You were right to give it up. Who wants to work for women?" But as he said these words, Masetto was thinking what a pleasure it would be to live and work among such high-spirited ladies. And so, secretly, he resolved to take on the job the old man had relinquished.

Masetto, however, was neither aged, homely nor simple-minded, and he feared his good looks might hinder his chances of getting the job. After much pondering, he hit upon the idea of pretending to be a deaf mute. Delighted with his own cleverness, he dressed in the clothes of a poor man, took an axe on his shoulder and made straightway for the convent.

Masetto's strong back and willingness to work made him very popular with the convent steward, who gave him a number of heavy tasks to perform. Masetto did them well and earned the admiration of the abbess who, the next day, asked the steward who he was.

"Only a poor deaf mute, Madonna."

the steward said. "He wandered in and made motions I took to be a plea for food. I fed him and he has worked for me."

"Good," said the abbess. "Find out if he knows how to plant a garden."

And so Masetto became the convent gardener. The young nuns found him a figure of fun. They teased him and sang naughty songs in his presence, thinking he could not hear them. One day, he heard two of the prettiest sisters talking together thus:

"Sister, I have been told that no pleasure is keener than that a woman feels with a man. Yet here we are imprisoned behind these convent walls. Is it not sad that we may not know this pleasure? Why should we not try it with this dumb oaf who tends our garden? He has no tongue to speak of it after."

"But what of our vows, sister?"

"To break them thus will only prove that we are human. Later we can repent and be forgiven."

"But suppose our pleasure should bear fruit?"

" You worry too much. We can cross that bridge when we come to it."

Her fears quieted, the second nun became quite eager. "How shall we go about it?"

"That is the easiest part. We will simply take him by the hand and lead him into the hut. Then, while one of us is inside with him, the other can keep watch outside."

"Let us do it, by all means!"

Masetto, hearing all this, could hardly restrain his joy. But, with a supreme effort, he managed to appear as if he had not heard one word.

When the nuns led him to the hut, he giggled foolishly and obeyed their every gesture. First one sister, then the other, tasted the joys of which they had heard, and found them even sweeter than they had hoped. Thereafter, Masetto served them daily in the same way.

One day, however, their sport was discovered. Another nun, passing the hut and hearing strange cries within, looked through a chink in the wood and saw them in the throes of pleasure. She beckoned to another nun and they took turns watching. When it was all over, they decided it was a monstrous act they had witnessed and set out to denounce the erring sisters to the abbess.

The nun who was keeping watch saw them departing and, overtaking them, suggested they share Masetto's treasure. They considered this and eventually agreed. In this way, it was not long before all eight nuns in the convent were taking turns in the hut with the new gardener. And the abbess suspected nothing.

Such strenuous duty eventually began effecting Masetto. He no longer found the energy to till the soil and would often lie down in the garden and sleep in the middle of the day. One such afternoon, the abbess was passing and saw him lying on the ground. The breeze had lifted his tunic, exposing the manly contour of his codpiece. Seeing this, the abbess was seized by an unaccustomed appetite. She woke him and escorted him to her chamber.

For several days, Masetto was the sole property of the abbess, and the eight young nuns pined for his attention. When her long fast was temporarily sated, the abbess let him go, but called upon his talents again from time to time.

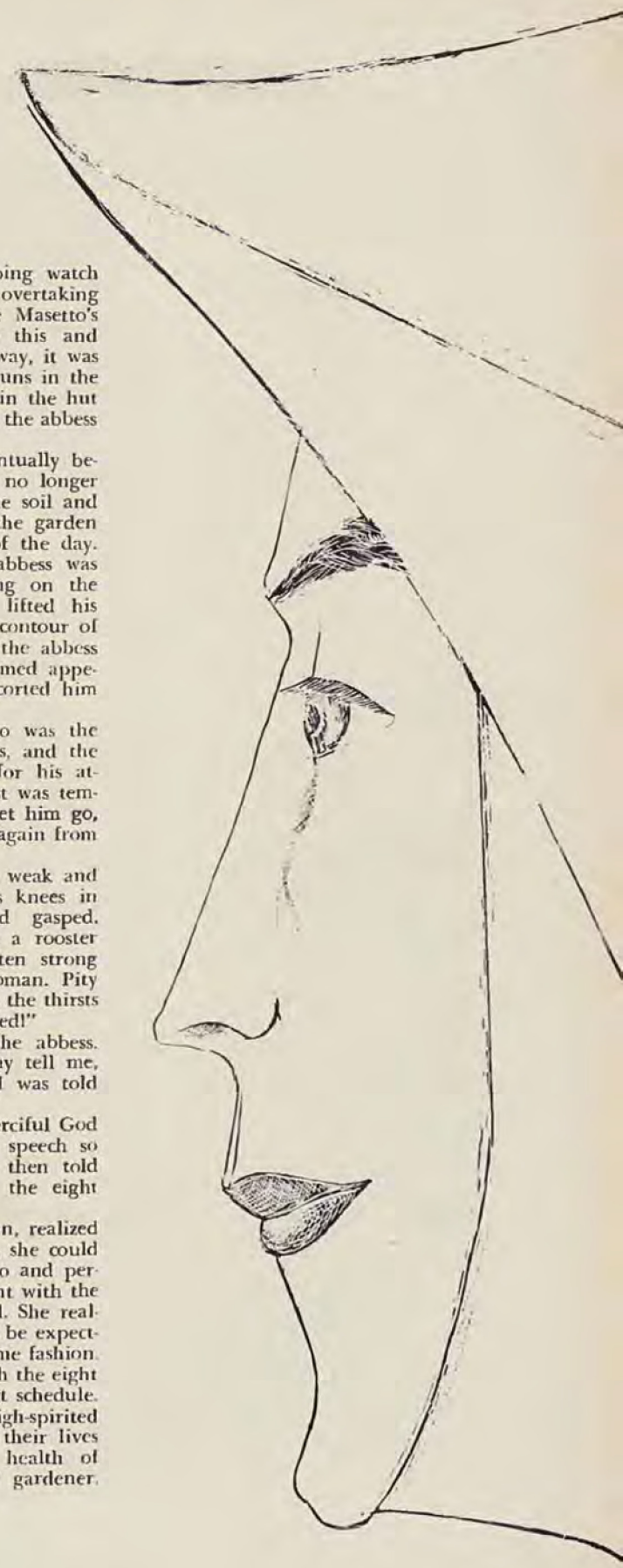
At last, Masetto grew so weak and shaken that he fell to his knees in the abbess' chamber and gasped, "Madonna! It is said that a rooster can satisfy ten hens but ten strong men cannot satisfy one woman. Pity me, then, who must quench the thirsts of nine women singlehanded!"

"*Nine* women?!" cried the abbess. "Explain yourself! And pray tell me, too, how you can speak. I was told you were deaf and dumb."

"So I was, lady, but a merciful God has seen fit to restore my speech so I might save myself!" He then told her of his activities with the eight nuns.

The abbess, a wise woman, realized that even if she wanted to, she could not possibly dismiss Masetto and permit him to leave the convent with the tale of what had transpired. She realized, too, that he could not be expected to continue on in the same fashion. And so, after consulting with the eight nuns, she established a strict schedule.

In this way, the nine high-spirited ladies continued to enrich their lives without endangering the health of their obedient and happy gardener.



"Sorry I'm late, mamma—my zipper stuck."

BUSINESS MEETING

(*continued from page 13*)

of any meeting. Some suggested topics:

"We've all got to Pull Together on this!"

Or:

"We'll lick them at their own game, damn it!"

Other dandy ones will come to you.

2. *Be Decisive.* Your own mind must always be clear, and made up, whether or not you understand what everybody is talking about. *Leave the shilly-shallying to others.* Yours must be the steady hand to which others turn.

3. *But Avoid a Decision.* There is an anticlimactic, soggy feeling about a meeting after a decision has been reached. There is little danger of this, as we will see, but don't relax. You will know that the problem at hand is only the *excuse* for the meeting. Yet to some, your remarks — inspiring as they may be — will have a hollow ring if delivered after the decision.

Follow this easy method, if a meeting is in danger of ending:

"Well, that seems to button up the matter, eh Finch?"

"Really? I don't get any nourishment out of that at all! Let's re-examine!"

(*You can always re-examine.*)

4. *The Sleeper Play.* Never speak first. Let the others talk themselves out. Then come slowly into action:

"As I sit here and listen to all of you, it seems to me that there's one basic fallacy to *all* your reasoning."

(*At this point, go ahead and say what you had planned to say in the first place. It is not necessary to have listened, except in a general way, to what has gone before.*)

5. *The "If George Were Only Here" Device.* If someone opposes you, try to have the meeting when he is out of town. Then preface your remarks with: "If George were only here I'm sure he'd agree that —" Proceed then to demolish George's entire position.

6. *The All-Out Attack, or Sweeping the Meeting Off Its Feet.* Effective, yes, and exhilarating, too! Some prefer simple shouting or table pounding, but the true virtuoso can cry, roll on the floor, stand on furniture, remove clothing, gag, spit, and use flip cards and slide films. All these have their places.

7. *Underplay.* A good variation of the above is the reverse twist. You can create a crushing effect by underplaying. Assume a wounded expression, and say in a tiny, hurt voice:

"Why do you do this to me?"

This is most effective if you have previously terrorized the meeting, or if you have a reputation for unusual ruthlessness.

8. *The Filibuster.* This is of value only if an opponent has to make a train or see a customer or client. Read a file of fifty or sixty letters, more or less related to the subject.

9. *Be a Meeting-Leaver.* The true Meeting-Leaver rarely attends meetings — he just leaves them. This is good. It places you somehow *above* the meeting you're leaving, and implies that you're going to another that is more important.

"Wish I could stay with you fellows. Another meeting, you know—"

At the other meeting (and there is *always* another meeting somewhere) you say the same thing — but *do not return to the first meeting.* Remember this. *Never go back!*

10. *Beware the Do-It-Now-er!* At every meeting there will be some crude fellow who does not understand the true purpose of the Meeting as a Forum and Sounding Board. He will always try to "get something done." He may open a meeting like this:

"Well, fellows, this is something we really should be able to decide in five minutes. I just want a quick reaction."

He will soon find himself without friends — and perhaps without employment.

Occasionally something *will* have to be decided. The decision will be made by the one really in authority, who wouldn't have attended the meeting anyway.

"Well, Finch, what did you boys decide?"

"Uh, we didn't quite resolve it, J. B. But it was a *good* meeting." (*Meetings are always "good" meetings.*) "I think we all see the problem clearly. I presented my case about buying, both pro and con."

"Mostly pro, I hope. I bought it this morning."

black country

(*continued from page 32*)

solo that broke the glasses and cracked the ceiling and cleared the dancefloor like a tornado. Nothing off the stem, either—but like it was practice, sort of, or exercise. A solo out of nothing that didn't even try to hang on to a shred of the melody.

"Man, it's great, but let us know when it's gonna happen, hear!"

About then Sonny turned down the flame on Rose-Ann. He was polite enough and a stranger wouldn't have noticed, but we did, and Rose-Ann did—and it was tough for her to keep it all down under, hidden. All those questions, all those memories and fears.

He stopped going out and took to hanging around his rooms a lot. Once in a while he'd start playing: one time we listened to that horn all night.

Finally—it was still somewhere in Louisiana—when Sonny was reaching with his trumpet so high he didn't get any more sound out of it than a dog-whistle, and the front cats were laughing up a storm, I went over and put it to him flatfooted.

His eyes were big and he looked like he was trying to say something and couldn't. He looked scared.

"Sonny . . . Look, boy, what are you after? Tell a friend, man, don't lock it up."

But he didn't answer me. He couldn't.

He was coughing too hard.

Here's the way we doped it: Sonny had worshipped Spoof, like a god or something. Now some Spoof was rubbing off, and he didn't know it.

Freddie was elected. Freddie talks pretty good most of the time.

"Get off the train, Jack. Ol' Massuh's gone now, dead and buried. Mean, what he was after ain't to be had. Mean, he wanted it all and then some—and all is all, there isn't any more. You play the greatest, Sonny—go on, ask anybody. Just fine. So get off the train . . . "

And Sonny laughed, and agreed, and promised. I mean in words. His eyes played another number, though.

Sometimes he snapped out of it, it looked like, and he was fine then—tired and hungry, but with it. And we'd think, he's okay. Then it would happen all over again—only worse. Every time, worse.

And it got so Sonny even talked like Spoof half the time: "Broom off, man, leave me alone, will you? Can't you see I'm busy, got things to do? Get away!" And walked like Spoof—that slow walk-in-your-sleep shuffle. And did little things—like scratching his belly and leaving his shoes unlaced and rehearsing in his undershirt.

He started to smoke weeds in Alabama.

In Tennessee he took the first drink anybody ever saw him take.

And always with that horn—cussing it, yelling at it, getting sore because it wouldn't do what he wanted it to.

We had to leave him alone, finally. "I'll handle it . . . I—understand, I think . . . Just go away, it'll be all right . . . "

Nobody could help him. Nobody at all.

Especially not Rose-Ann.

* * *

End of the corn-belt route, the way Sonny had it booked, was the Copper Club. We hadn't been back there since the night we planted Spoof—and we

(*continued on next page*)

BRIDGE

(*continued from page 25*)

All in all, tournament bridge is a better test of a player's skill since it greatly reduces the element of luck which is such an important factor in rubber bridge.

The best way to learn to play well is to compete against strong opponents. Tournament bridge is an excellent, inexpensive way for the average player to play against the experts and, in so doing, improve his game.

The experts play in tournaments for a variety of reasons: some for the sheer love of the game, others to win prestige for business reasons (books, newspaper columns, teaching), and others to meet old friends and lift a few of those cups that cheer.

The biggest tournaments, the Bridge Nationals, are held in August and December and attract players from all over the country. Many come for the experience of competing against the top-ranking players and, also, to try for the awards and prizes given out. Since one of the events, the Masters Team carries with it an all-expense-paid trip to meet the European champions for the international title and others reward the winners with merchandise worth a good deal of money, all the players are not solely driven by the competitive urge. However, in the main, the players put out a good deal of money and time, as do most amateurs in other sports, for the chance to compete.

The players at a tournament are an interesting bunch. Most of them are extremely extroverted and very confident of their abilities; very few could be described as shrinking violets. They range from social register ladies who come formal for evening play to a superstitious expert who wears brightly colored berets and keeps changing them as his fortunes wax and wane.

There are those who are always willing to give or take a bet on their ability, or on yours, to beat them or the entire field. One of my biggest "kicks," aside from winning the two major events at the 1953 Summer Nationals, was cashing in on a 40-to-1 bet that I wouldn't win the Masters Pairs at that tournament. Since I had put $10 on my nose, for sentiment's sake, it was a very welcome windfall.

What does it take to become an expert bridge player? Can anyone with practice, become one? I'd say, no. Some have neither the interest nor capacity to play really expert bridge. They either give up the game after a few attempts at it or remain at the same level that I do in golf — a happy duffer. There is a knack, a sort of card-sense, that is required to play really expertly. This knack, incidentally has nothing to do with mathematical ability. A number of the nation's top players would have difficulty getting through a beginning course in algebra, or adding up a grocery list, for that matter. The knack to play really expertly seems to be something inborn, and a person either has it or doesn't. Without it, you'll never win an event in a tournament, but you can have just as much fun at the game as those who do.

All that's really required to play good social bridge is a reasonable knowledge of bidding and a passable ability to play and defend a hand. It cannot be overstressed that bidding is conceded to be the most important aspect of the game. The most brilliant player in the world can't bring in a hand if he is in a hopeless contract; a mediocre player can bring in a hand if it has been reasonably bid.

An expert would rather play with an average player who can arrive at a reasonable contract than one who has mastered all the intricacies of play and defense, who knows all the obtuse squeezes and coups, but can't bid well.

An important thing for any player to realize is his limitations. Just as I wouldn't attempt to drive the green on a 250-yard hole, so the average player should refrain from bidding games and slams that he thinks will be extremely close and that he will have to play over his head to make.

(*continued on page 48*)

black country

(*continued from page 45*)

didn't feel very good about it.

But a contract isn't anything else.

So we took rooms at the only hotel there ever was in the town. You make a guess which room Sonny took. And we played some cards and bruised our chops and tried to sleep and couldn't. We tossed around in the beds, listening, waiting for the horn to begin. But it didn't. All night long, it didn't.

We found out why, oh yes . . .

Next day we all walked around just about everywhere except in the direction of the cemetery. Why kick up misery? Why make it any harder?

Sonny stayed in his room until ten before opening, and we began to worry. But he got in under the wire.

The Copper Club was packed. Yokels and farmers and high school stuff, a jazz 'connoisseur' here and there—to the beams. Freddie had set up the stands with the music notes all in order, and in a few minutes we had our positions.

Sonny came out wired for sound. He looked—powerful; and that's a hard way for a five-foot four-inch bald-headed white man to look. At any time. Rose-Ann threw me a glance and I threw it back and collected it from the rest. Something bad. Something real bad. Soon.

Sonny didn't look any which way. He waited for the applause to die down, then he did a quick One-Two-Three-Four and we swung into *The Jimjam Man*, our theme.

I mean to say, that crowd was with us all the way—they smelled something.

Sonny did the thumb-and-little-finger signal and we started *Only Us Chickens*. Bud Meunier did the intro on his bass, then Henry took over on the piano. He played one hand racing the other. The front cats hollered "Go! Go!" and Henry went. His left hand crawled on down over the keys and scrambled and didn't fuzz once or slip once and then walked away, cocky and proud, like a mouse full of cheese from an unsprung trap.

"Hooo-boy! Play, Henry, play!"

Sonny watched and smiled. "Bring it on out," he said, gentle, quiet, pleased. "Keep bringin' it out."

Henry did that counterpoint business that you're not supposed to be able to do unless you have two right arms and four extra fingers, and he got that boiler puffing, and he got it shaking, and he screamed his Henry Walker "WoooooOOOOO!" and—he finished. I came in on the tubs and beat them up till I couldn't see for the sweat, hit the cymbal and waited.

Mr. 'T', Lux and Jimmy fiddlefaddled like a coop of capons talking about their operations for a while. Rose-Ann chanted: "Only us chickens in the hen-house, Daddy, Only us chickens here, Only us chickens in the hen-house, Daddy, Ooo-bab-a-roo, Ooo-bob-a-roo . . . "

Then it was horn time. Time for the big solo.

Sonny lifted the trumpet—One! Two!—He got it into sight—Three!

We all stopped dead. I mean we stopped.

That wasn't Sonny's horn. This one was dented-in and beat-up and the tip end was nicked. It didn't shine, not a bit.

Lux leaned over—you could have fit a coffee cup into his mouth. "Jesus God," he said. "Am I seeing right?"

I looked close and said: "Man, I hope not."

But why kid? We'd seen that trumpet a million times.

It was Spoof's.

Rose-Ann was trembling. Just like me, she remembered how we'd buried the horn with Spoof. And she remembered how quiet it had been in Sonny's room last night . . .

I started to think real hop-head thoughts, like—where did Sonny get hold of a shovel that late? and how could he expect a horn to play that's been under the ground for two years?

and—

That blast got into our ears like long knives.

Spoof's own trademark!

Sonny looked caught, like he didn't know what to do at first, like he was hypnotized, scared, almighty scared. But as the sound came out, rolling out, sharp and clean and clear—new-trumpet sound — his expression changed. His eyes changed: they danced a little and opened wide.

Then he closed them, and blew that horn. Lord God of the Fishes, how he blew it! How he loved it and caressed it and pushed it up, higher and higher and higher. High C? Bottom of the barrel. He took off, and he walked all over the rules and stamped them flat.

The melody got lost, first off. Everything got lost, then, while that horn flew. It wasn't only jazz; it was the heart of jazz, and the insides, pulled out with the roots and held up for everybody to see; it was blues that told the story of all the lonely cats and all the ugly whores who ever lived, blues that spoke up for the loser lamping sunshine out of iron-gray bars and every hop-head hooked and gone, for the bindlestiffs and the city slicers, for the country boys in Georgia shacks and the High Yellow hipsters in Chicago slums and the bootblacks on the corners and the fruits in New Orleans, a blues that spoke for all the lonely, sad and anxious downers who could never speak themselves . . .

And then, when it had said all this, it stopped and there was a quiet so quiet that Sonny could have shouted:

"It's okay, Spoof. It's all right now. You'll get it said, all of it—I'll help you. God, Spoof, you showed me how, you planned it—I'll do my best!"

And he laid back his head and fastened the horn and pulled in air and blew some more. Not sad, now, not blues—but not anything else you could call by name. Except . . . Jazz. It was jazz.

Hate blew out that horn, then. Hate and fury and mad and fight, like screams and snarls, like little razors shooting at you, millions of them, cutting, cutting deep . . .

And Sonny only stopping to wipe his lip and whisper in the silent room full of people: "You're saying it, Spoof! You are!"

God Almighty Himself must have heard that trumpet, then; slapping and hitting and hurting with notes that don't exist and never existed. Man! Life took a real beating! Life got groined and sliced and belly-punched and the horn, it didn't stop until everthing had all spilled out, every bit of the hate and mad that's built up in a man's heart.

Rose-Ann walked over to me and dug her nails into my hand as she listened to Sonny.

"Come on now, Spoof! Come on! We can do it! Let's play the rest and play it right. You know it's got to be said, you know it does. Come on, you and me together!"

And the horn took off with a big yellow blast and started to laugh. I mean it laughed! Hooted and hollered and jumped around, dancing, singing, strutting through those notes that never were there. Happy music? Joyful music? It was chicken dinner and an empty stomach; it was big-butted women and big white beds; it was country walking and windy days and freshborn crying and—Oh, there just doesn't happen to be any happiness that didn't come out of that horn.

Sonny hit the last high note—the Spoof blast—but so high you could just barely hear it.

Then Sonny dropped the horn. It fell onto the floor and bounced and lay still.

And nobody breathed. For a long long time.

Rose-Ann let go of my hand, at last. She walked across the platform, slowly, and picked up the trumpet and handed it to Sonny.

He knew what she meant.

We all did. It was over now, over and done . . .

Lux plucked out the intro. Jimmy Fritch picked it up and kept the melody.

Then we all joined in, slow and quiet, quiet as we could. With Sonny — I'm talking about *Sonny* — putting out the kind of sound he'd always wanted to.

And Rose-Ann sang it, clear as a mountain wind—not just from her heart, but from her belly and her guts and every living part of her.

For The Ol' Massuh, just for him. Spoof's own song:

Black Country.

"Look, Skipper—land ho!"

BRIDGE (*continued from page 46*)

It is far better to play a part-score and make an overtrick than to bid a game and go down one.

As one is learning the game, it is wise to be conservative. As a player gains experience and knowledge, he can start bidding the close games and slams as, by then, he will have the ability to bring home the difficult hands.

One of the hands that came up in this year's International Match at Monte Carlo illustrates the importance of bidding:

All Vulnerable.

NORTH
S. A K 8 6 5
H. 6
D. A J 8
C. K 7 4 3

WEST — **EAST**
S. J 9 3 — S. Q 10 2
H. K 10 7 5 2 — H. Q J 3
D. K 9 6 — D. Q 7 5 3 2
C. 9 5 — C. J 10

SOUTH
S. 7 4
H. A 9 8 4
D. 10 4
C. A Q 8 6 2

The bidding went like this:

N	E	S	W
1 S.	Pass	2 C.	Pass
3 C.	Pass	3 H.	Double
4 D.	Pass	5 C.	Pass
6 C.	All Pass		

The American team bid this hand to a small slam and made seven when all the suits split. The French team, holding the same cards, arrived at three no-trump and lost 760 points on the hand. Since the American team won by only 4200 points overall, this one hand represented one-sixth of the winning margin.

Right up next to bidding on my list of bridge musts, I'd put keeping one's composure. It is, of course, always our partner who makes the mistakes and it sometimes takes real self-control to refrain from dropping little barbs into the conversation like, "Why didn't you bring your head along with you for the game tonight?"

Composure pays off, however. You'll play a better game and so will your partner, if you take the bad breaks philosophically, don't try to play one another's hands, and figure there's always the next round coming up, with a chance to even the score.

Talking about telling someone how to play a hand reminds me of why I quit claiming tricks. Once, playing against two middle-aged ladies, I played out the first few tricks, then laid down my hand and claimed the rest of the tricks as ours. They asked me to play it out, which I proceeded to do, taking all the remaining tricks. I then excused myself to get a drink. When I returned, my partner filled me in on what had happened during my absence. The two ladies had taken offense at my action and had told my partner that they considered me a little obnoxious for claiming the hand. My partner, a very well-mannered fellow, attempted to defend me, saying that the claiming of tricks was not an unusual practice, that it saved time, and that he didn't consider my actions obnoxious. To this, one of the ladies replied, "Well, you wouldn't—you're rather obnoxious yourself." It would have been rather difficut to top that, so my partner and I conceded the ladies the honors and in the future I played out all my hands.

If you play sociable rubber bridge and want to win more than you do now, or if you never hold any cards and want to minimize your losses, here are a few tips that may be of help:

The only way that you can tell your partner that you have a bad hand is to pass. When your partner has opened the bidding and you have a mediocre hand either pass or bid one no-trump to slow him down.

When you have opened the bidding on a minimum hand and your partner responds, either rebid your suit or bid one no-trump to show that you have nothing in excess of your original opening bid. The same applies when your opponents start overcalling. If you have opened a minimum hand, pass at your first opportunity to allow your partner the chance to double the opposition, raise your suit, or to concede the hand to them. The greatest losses occur when a partnership keeps bidding and rebidding the same values. Before you realize it, you're over your heads, the opposition doubles, and you eat at hamburger heaven the rest of the week.

Also, when you and your partner have a majority of the high cards but don't have a good fit in any one suit, the smartest thing to do is pass, and hope for a better break next hand. There's no point in bidding and rebidding your six card heart suit, when your partner stubbornly insists on taking it out to his seven card suit in spades.

Caution can be overdone too, of course. When your partner has opened the bidding and you have a good hand, you should be thinking about the possibilities of bidding game. After you've responded and your partner has made a rebid, giving you a clearer idea of the partnership's assets, if you still think there's a game in the cards, don't be a coward, go ahead and bid it. This will eliminate all those arguments where a guy has been passed out by his partner after what he considered to be a forcing bid. And you will have the advantage of having reached game without revealing all your strength to your opponents, making it more difficult for them to defend against it. That can sometimes make the difference in bringing home a shaky contract.

Even the experts sometimes arrive at unreasonable contracts and sometimes, with a little luck, bring them home. Here's an example from last year's Summer National:

NORTH
S. K J 7 6
H. A K Q 7
D. Q J 9
C. 10 5

WEST — **EAST**
S. 9 5 2 — S. 8 3
H. 10 9 6 — H. J 8 5 3 2
D. A 10 8 6 4 2 — D. K 7
C. K — C. J 7 6 3

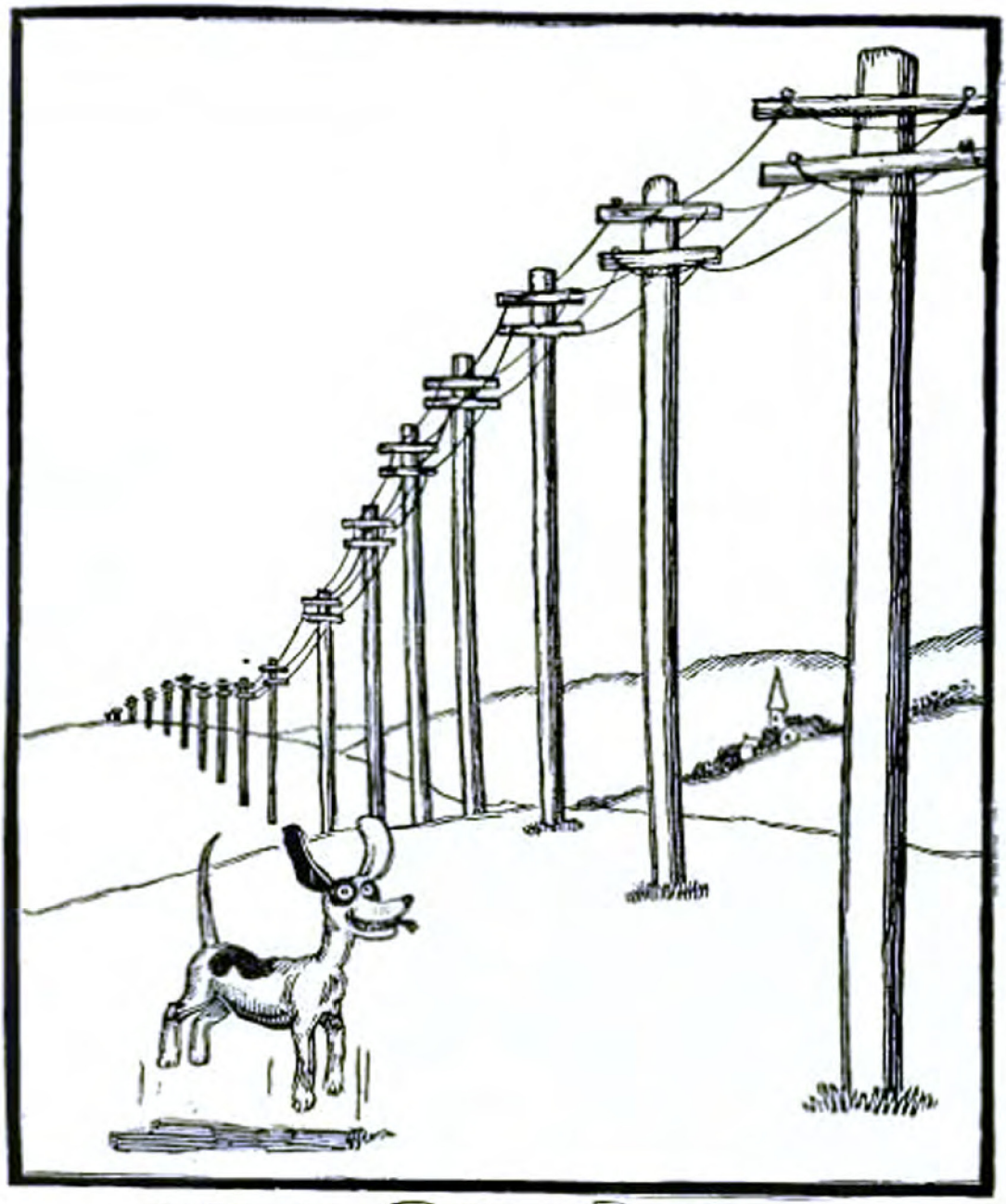
SOUTH
S. A Q 10 4
H. 4
D. 5 3
C. A Q 9 8 4 2

After North had opened with one no-trump, South reached a contract of six spades. In playing the hand, West failed to lead a diamond and the slam was made by guessing the club situation. Since I played the South hand, and it was printed in *Life* Magazine, I still get questions that boil down to: "Do you have to be an expert to make a slam bid when your opponents hold enough tricks to set you from the very start?" I always answer, "No, but it helps."

The expert often has an edge in a game, beyond his actual skill. Opponents are apt to be awed by his reputation. It's a good idea to remember, when playing a so-called expert, or anyone better than you, that no one can make an ace out of a deuce. If the expert gets himself into an unmakeable contract, he'll go down the same as anyone else. It is the nervous or unsure player who gives "presents" to the expert, and permits him to walk away with the big winnings at rubber or tournament bridge. The average player can hold his own, if he refuses to concede victory before the hand is played. I wouldn't say that he will beat a really expert player very often, but he should be able to make him work plenty for his points, and there is always another hand coming up.

If you play much bridge, you're probably a confident player, with or without reason, and that's what makes the game so much fun. If the last hand went against you, it's "Tough luck, partner, if the finesse had worked we would have made it. But deal those cards, we'll kill you this time!"

A FINE OLD ENGRAVING BY THAT FINE OLD ENGRAVER, JOHN HELD, JR.



PARADISE

VIRGINITY

(continued from page 40)

or worse, and, big man that you are, you'll do just that.

The Atomic Age Approach. This technique has the advantage of being as up-to-date as tomorrow's headlines. Mumble something morose about the shape the world is in, talk about U.S.-Russian relations, mention the Hydrogen Bomb, spend some time discussing the effect one H-Bomb would have if it fell, just for the sake of conversation, on the roof of the particular bar in which you're drinking. If this doesn't get to her, start talking about flying saucers and invasion from Mars. When you've got her in the properly pessimistic frame of mind, slug down a stiff one and say, "We might as well live for tonight, baby, 'cause who knows where the hell we'll be tomorrow!"

This is actually a variation of the very successful wartime technique that ran to something like, "Love me tonight, 'cause tomorrow I'm getting blown to bits on the fighting fronts of the world." The advantage of this new approach is obvious, since you've two corpses to contemplate instead of just one.

The Snob Approach. Some girls like to think they're different — above the common crowd. The technique should always be suited to the personality of the lady involved, and when confronted with one of this species, the Snob Approach is in order. Old fashioned morality, you will explain, is okay for ordinary people, but she (your date) and you are special cases — above the taboos and restrictions that bind others. Sex thus becomes a method of proving her superiority.

The Kinsey Approach. You will meet, too, from time to time, the snob's counterpart — the girl who wants to conform, the girl who wants to be just the same as everyone else, to do whatever everyone else is doing. For Miss Common Denominator, we suggest Kinsey's last volume, *Sexual Behavior In The Human Female.* You can prove almost anything with this book. Select your passages carefully, then read choice bits like 81% of all American women pet, 60% have pre-marital intercourse, 75% of the women who experience sex have no regrets afterward, those who indulge in pre-marital relations make better adjustments after marriage. Be careful to select only the parts of the book that help prove your point, and add ten or fifteen percent to the figures if you like. She'll never know the difference.

The idea is to bowl her over with the sheer mass of your statistics — all proving that simply everybody is enjoying sex this season. Losing her virginity will seem very unimportant compared to the fear of being different.

The Persistent Approach. Some girls attempt to avoid most of the standard approaches by simply changing the subject whenever it gets around to sex. For these we suggest persistence, with a capital "P". No matter what she talks about, *you* talk about sex.

For example, you're sitting in a restaurant. You've just ordered drinks and are looking over the dinner menu. Your date notices you eyeing her rather low cut dress.

"Do you like me in this dress?" she asks. "It's new!"

"Very much," you reply politely, "and I'd like you even better without it."

Somewhat flustered by this, she tries to change the subject to the weather.

"It's been an awfully hot summer, hasn't it?" she says.

"Not as hot as I am for you right now," you counter, in a voice suggesting both sincerity and quiet emotion.

Staring at her menu: "The fish looks good."

Ignoring your own menu, staring at her boldly: "Did you know that male fish fertilize the eggs *after* the female has laid them and that they never have bodily contact with one another? This has been suggested as the basis for the expression, 'poor fish.' "

She: "May I have the cherry from your Tom Collins?"

And so on.

Eventually she will become thoroughly undone, will find it impossible to avoid the subject any longer, and you will be on your way.

We have offered here, as we said in the beginning, only a few of the more basic techniques. With a little experimentation, you will undoubtedly be able to add a number of equally successful methods of your own. If you hit on any really good ones, be sure to let us know.

CHAFING DISH

(continued from page 36)

main meal of the day and named it after the dish they would have preferred. Such comic misnomers are not unusual: A specially prepared dried fish is called Bombay Duck in India and Colonial Goose is the name given to stuffed mutton by the Australians.

In making Welsh Rabbitt it is important to cook the cheese over hot water, using the bottom pan of the chafing dish. A direct flame will cause the protein in the cheese to harden and form tough strings. Old American cheese, the rat trap variety, crumbly and pungent with age, is the best. Process sharp American cheese may be used if natural cheese is unavailable.

Welsh Rabbit is simply cheese heated until it is liquid and has the consistency of a thick sauce, flavored mainly with ale, mustard and worcestershire sauce. It should taste like a river of gold out of Hades and should always be served on dry toast.

WELSH RABBIT FOR FOUR MALES

Open two eggs, seperating the yolks from the whites. Ask the landlady to show you how to do this, if necessary. Give her the whites as a present. Keep the yolks.

Cut 1½ pounds of old cheddar cheese into cubes about ½ inch thick. Melt two tablespoons of butter in the top part of the chafing dish. Add 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, and 2 teaspoons prepared mustard. Stir well to blend all the seasonings thoroughly. Add ¼ cup ale. Add the cheese and cook, stirring frequently, until the cubes of cheese melt completely. While the cheese is melting, start making toast, allowing about 2 slices per person.

When the Rabbit is very hot, beat the egg yolks slightly and add them to the cheese. Cook two minutes longer, stirring constantly. Pour the Rabbit over the toast on serving dishes. The Rabbit should be followed with an inexhaustible supply of cold ale or beer.

SHERRIED CRABMEAT FOR FOUR BONS VIVANTS

Canned, frozen or freshly cooked crabmeat available in fish stores may be used for making Sherried Crabmeat.

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in chafing dish over simmering water. Examine a 13 ounce can of crabmeat, removing any cartilage or shell. Break the crabmeat into large lumps.

Place the crabmeat in the chafing dish. Add ¼ cup dry sherry wine, a 10 ounce can of condensed cream of mushroom soup, and ¼ cup of light cream or milk. Mix well.

Simmer until mixture is very hot. Add ¼ teaspoon worcestershire sauce. Add ¼ cup finelly chopped scallions using both white and green part. Add salt and pepper to taste. When the crabmeat is served, there should be a basket of crisp French bread on the table. Pass a salad of crisp, curly chicory and tomato wedges with tangy French dressing. Serve a bottle or two of cold Liebfraumilch with the crabmeat.

POOR PLAYBOY'S ALMANAC

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had no idea, of course, that his *Advice on the Choice of a Mistress* would eventually appear in an early issue of PLAYBOY. But we think he would have approved, for PLAYBOY is published for fellows very much like Ben. The author of *Poor Richard's Almanac* didn't spend all his time dispensing wise words and flying kites. He enjoyed life's many pleasures, and when he was sent to France as a special commissioner, his charm and ready wit won the hearts of many Parisian ladies.

"Dost thou love life?" he inquired: "Then do not squander time."

It's excellent advice. If *you* love life, as Franklin did, then do not squander time, but subscribe *today* to that indispensable almanac of pleasure and good living—PLAYBOY.

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